THE

FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE. ACCOMPLISHMENTS. ARTS. AMUSEMENTS. NEWS.

VOL. X. M. M. BALLOU, (CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.) BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1855. TERMS, ($2 00 PER ANNUM, 3 CENTS SINGLE) Nº 4.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SEA-WITCH:

—OR,—

THE AFRICAN QUADROON.

A STORY OF THE SLAVE COAST.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRIAL.

At the immediate time of which we now write, there had been some very aggravated instances of open resistance to the English and American cruisers on the African station by the slavers who thronged the coast, and the home government had sent out orders embracing extraordinary powers, in order that the first cases that might thenceforth come under the cognizance of the court might lead to such summary treatment of the offenders, as to act as an example for the rest, and thus have a most salutary effect upon the people thus engaged. It was under these circumstances that Captain Will Ratlin found himself arraigned before the maritime commission at Sierra Leone, with a pretty hard case made out against him at the outset of affairs.

The truth was, he had not been taken resisting the attack of Captain Bramble and his men, but his accusers did not hesitate to represent that he was thus guilty, and several were prepared, Maud among the rest, to swear to this charge. Indeed, Captain Bramble found that he had people about him who would swear to anything, and he had little doubt in proving so strong a case as to jeopardize even the life of his prisoner, since many of his crew had died outright in the attack upon the "Sea Witch," to say nothing of the seriously wounded. All that could prejudice the court against the prisoner was duly paraded before the eyes and ears of the individual members ere yet the case was brought legally before them, and at last when Captain Ratlin was formally brought into court, he was little less than condemned already in the minds of nine-tenths of the marine court.

He was rather amazed to see and to hear the *free* way in which evidence was given against him, corroborating statements which amounted to the most unmitigated falsehoods, but above all to find Maud unblushingly declare that she saw him in the fight, and that he shot with a pistol one of the men whose name had been returned as among the dead, and that he had wounded another. The girl avoided his eyes while she uttered her well-fabricated story, but had she met the eyes of the young commander, she would have seen more of pity there than of anger, more of surprise than of reproach, even. But in the meantime, while these feelings were moving him, the case was steadily progressing, and began to wear a most serious aspect as it regarded the fate of Captain Will Ratlin.

There still remained one other witness to examine, whose illness had kept him on board ship up to the last moment, and who it was said could identify the prisoner as one of the party engaged in defending the deck of the slaver. He was a servant of Captain Bramble's, had attended his master in the attack, but having received a blow from a handspike upon the head, was rendered insensible at the first of the action, and had been carried on board his ship in that condition, from which state he had gradually recovered until it was thought he would be able to testify before the court at the present time. After a few moments of delay, the man made his appearance, evidently not yet recovered from the fearful blow he had received, but yet able to take his place at the witness's post, and to perform the part expected of him.

No sooner had the court, through its head, addressed the witness, than he answered promptly the preliminary queries put to him, while the effect upon Captain Ratlin seemed to be like magic. Was it guilt that made him start so, rub his eyes, look about him so vaguely, and then sitting down, to cover his face with his hands, only to go through the same pantomime again? We ask, was it guilt that made him act thus? The judges noted it, and even made memorandums of the same upon their record of evidence. It was observed as significant also by every one present. Captain Bramble himself looked at the prisoner with surprise to see him thus affected by the presence of his servant.

"For the love of Heaven!" exclaimed the prisoner aloud, as though he could bear this intensity of feeling no longer, "who is this man?"

"It is my servant—an honest, faithful man, may it please the court. Leonard Hust, by name, born in my father's service," said Captain Bramble.

"Leonard Hust," mused the young commander, thoughtfully; "Leonard Hust!"

"Ay, sir," added Captain Bramble, somewhat peevly, "do you find any objection to that name? If so, sir, I pray you will declare it to the court."

"Leonard Hust!" still mused the prisoner, without noticing this interruption. "There is a strange ring upon my ears in repeating that name!"

"Prisoner," said the judge, "do you recollect having done this man a severe and almost fatal harm in the late conflict?"

"I—I," said the young commander, somewhat confused in his mind from an evident effort to recall some long-forgotten association.

"You will be so good as to answer the question put by the court," repeated the judge.

"The court will please remember that I *have* done, and that I was not even engaged in the action referred to. These good people are mistaken."

Now it was that the attention of all were drawn towards Leonard Hust, who in turn seemed as much surprised and as much moved by some secret cause as the prisoner had been. He hastily crossed the court room to where the prisoner sat, and looking full into his eyes, seemed to be for a moment entranced, while the court remained silent, observing these singular manifestations, which they could not understand.

"Leonard—Leonard, I say!" repeated Captain Bramble, "what trick is this?"

"Trick!" whispered the man; "trick, Captain Bramble! Tell me, sir, who is that man?"

"Why, they call him Captain Will Ratlin, and we know him to be a slaver."

The servant still hesitated, looking from the prisoner to his principal accuser, the English officer, then at the court, and finally drawing his master a little on one side, the man again went through the pantomime described, and placing his mouth to his master's ear whispered something which startled him as though a gun had been fired at his very ear. The shock was like electricity, and made him stagger for support. Two or three times he repeated "Impossible! impossible!" and finally begged the court to stay the proceedings, as he was taken suddenly ill, and should not be able to attend until to-morrow. Being the principal prosecutor and witness, of course his presence was requisite to the progress of the trial, and therefore as he made this request it was at once formally granted, and the court adjourned for the time, while the prisoner was remanded on ship-board for safe keeping until the next day.

That the reader may understand the singular conduct of both the young commander and Leonard Hust, he must follow the latter worthy into his master's private room in the government house, where they proceeded at once after the occurrences described.

"In Heaven's name, Leonard, what do you mean by such an assertion?" asked Captain Bramble, throwing himself into a chair, and wiping the cold perspiration from his face.

"I mean, sir, that the man on trial to-day is no more nor less than *your brother!*"

"Charles Bramble?"

"Yes, sir."

"How strange is all this. How know you beyond all cavil, Leonard?"

"By the scar over the right eye. You gave it to him yourself. Don't you remember, sir, just previous to the dog affair, for which he ran away from home?"

"By Heaven! I believe you speak truly; and yet how strange, how more than strange it all is, that we should meet again in this way!"

"It quite nonplussed me, sir. I thought he was a ghost at first."

"Strange, strange!" mused the elder brother. "In those days, long ago in our childhood, he crossed my path constantly, and here he is again athwart my hawse. By Heaven! but it is strange—wonderful, that fate should have thrown him and Helen Huntington together again, and that neither should know the other; and yet not so very strange, for she was but eight years old when Charles ran away. Yes, he thwarted me then, for even in childhood the girl fancied him above me, and now she affects him even in his fallen fortunes."

"What shall we do, sir, now that master Charles has turned up again?" asked Leonard Hust, in his simplicity. "We cannot testify against him now, sir."

"No, no, no!" said the elder brother, hastily, "he must not be further examined."

"How he has altered, sir, only to think," continued the servant; "why, when he went away from Bramble Park, sir, he wasn't much more than nine years old."

"Yes. I remember, I remember, Leonard," replied his master, hurriedly, while he walked the apartment with quick, irregular steps. "I remember only too well."

This was indeed that elder brother who had, when a boy, so oppressed, so worried, and rendered miserable his brother Charles, as to cause him in a fit of desperation to stray away from home, whither he knew not. His parents saw now—alas! too late—their fatal error; but the boy was gone, no tidings could be had of him, and they believed him dead. The honest tar, whose yarn the attentive reader will remember, as given on the deck of the "Sea Witch," spoke truly of his commander. He had, years before, strayed alongside a vessel, as has been related, from whence he hardly knew himself, or was afraid to say. Hunger and neglect even then had greatly changed him, and he shipped, as has been related. The fall he got at sea threw a cloud over his brain as to past recollections up to that time, and hence if he wish ever possessed him as to returning to his early home, he knew naught of it.

When he heard the voice of Leonard Hust in the court, it seemed to strike upon some string in memory's harp, which vibrated to old familiar recollections, and the more he heard him speak the more the sensation came over him which led to the demonstrations which we have already witnessed. And yet he could not recall aught that would serve him as a clue—the early injury to his brain seemed to have obliterated the connecting links that memory could not supply. The reason, probably, why the servant's voice and not the brother's thus recalled him was, that the former had been kind, and his voice had ever sounded like music in the neglected boy's ears, but the brother's voice had never had that charm or happy association connected with it. As to little cousin Helen,—as she was then called,—it was not strange that Miss Huntington, after years of estrangement in India, meeting him under such circumstances, himself so changed, should not have recalled enough of the past to recognize him; and yet we have seen that at times she dwelt upon the tender accents of his voice like sleeping memories, herself quite ignorant of the cause of this peculiar influence.

She was now with her mother on shore at the mission house, in an agony of suspense as to the result of the trial which was taking place. She feared the worst, for Captain Bramble had taken measures to instruct those about her to the effect that the prisoner would be found guilty, and either strung up by the neck at once, or be sent home to England for the same purpose. Mrs. Huntington felt sad and borne down by the position of affairs—for although she did not understand her daughter's sentiments towards Captain Ratlin, yet she recognized the fact of her and her child's indebtedness to him, and that he had evinced the characteristics of a gentleman.

"Mother, if they find Captain Ratlin guilty, what *can* they, what *will* they do with him?" asked Helen Huntington anxiously of her mother, on the day of the trial.

"Why, my dear, it is terrible to think of, but the penalty of such a crime as is charged to him, is death; but we must hope for the best, and—why Helen, how pale you look!"

"It was only a passing spasm, mother. I am—I believe I am already better," said the daughter, in an agony of suffering that she dared not evince.

"Come, Helen, lean on me and go to your bed for a while; these sudden changes and so much exposure has rendered you weak. Come, my dear, come."

And the poor girl, all trembling and pale, suffered her mother to lead her to her chamber, where a gentle anodyne soothed her nerves, and she soon fell to sleep. Had her mother not been little better than blind, she would have easily read her daughter's heart, and have seen that she loved with all her woman's soul the man who was that day on trial for his life. What mattered it to her that he was nameless, a wanderer, a *slaver?* She loved him, and that covered each and all faults, however heinous in the sight of the law. She felt that it was not the outward associations which made a man. She had looked beneath the surface of his soul, and had seen the pure crystal depth of his manly heart—frank, open, and as truthful as day itself. To her he was noble, chivalric and true, and if all the world had blamed him, if all had called him guilty, her bosom would have been open to receive him!

Could *he* have realized this as he lay in chains on board his elder brother's ship—could he have known that he was really loved by that fair, sweet and gentle creature, how it would have lightened the weight of the iron bands he bore—how cheered his drooping spirits.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BROTHERS.

Now commenced a struggle in the bosom of Robert Bramble. It was some hours before he could recover from the first blush of amazement at the strange discovery he had made. Not to have had something of a brother's feelings come over him at such a time, he must have been less than human; and it was between the promptings of blood, of early recollections of childhood, before he grew to that age when his disposition, ruined by indulgence, had led him so bitterly to oppress and injure his brother as to drive him from the home of their youth, and the recollection of those little more matured years, when jealousy at his superior aptness, strength, and success with "cousin Helen," had made him hate him.

It was impossible for the man to forget the bitterness of the child; besides, had not the same spirit of rivalry ripened, until he found his brother in manhood still his successful rival with Helen Huntington? The reader will remember that they had all three been children together, and that the last time Charles had looked back at his home, as he started away from it, his eye detected the little form of Helen, where she stood gazing after him.

If there had been any better promptings in the heart of Robert Bramble, they would have turned the balance in favor of his brother, and he would have befriended him; but this he did not do. He walked his room, bitterly musing upon the singular position of affairs, while he knew very well that Charles lay in chains on board his ship in the harbor. Then he recalled the memory of his parents, as connected with this state of affairs. The father was dead, the mother, a weak-minded woman, was also bowed by ill-health; indeed, their early lives had few happy associations. Robert himself had embittered all its relations.

It was nearly midnight, and the moon had sunk behind the hill that sheltered the harbor on the north, leaving the dark water of the bay in deep shadow. At long gunshot from the shore lay the ship in which Charles Bramble was confined. All was still as death, save the pace of the sentinel in the ship's waist, and a ripple now and then of tide-way against the ship's cable. An observant eye, from the lee-ward side of the ship, might have seen a dark form creep out from one of the quarter ports, and gradually make its way along the moulding of the water-lines toward the larboard bow ports, one of which it stealthily entered.

Entering with this figure, we shall soon find it to be Leonard Hust, who now, watching an opportunity, slipped into the apartment where the young commander had been confined since he left the factory of Don Leonardo. No sooner was the door closed quietly, so as to avoid the observation of the watch between decks, than the new comer opened a secret lantern and discovered himself to the prisoner, at the same time cautioning him to silence.

"Who are you?" coolly asked Charles Bramble, for thus we must know him in future.

"Leonard Hust," was the reply; "your friend, as I will soon prove."

"But it is only a few hours since you were giving witness against me."

"That is true; but bless you, sir, there has been a great change in matters since that."

"So I thought, by the movements I observed, though I did not understand them."

"Hist! speak low, sir," said the other, "and while I am talking to you, just let me, at the same time, be filing off these steel *ornaments* upon your wrists!"

"File them off? Well, then, you must, indeed, be a friend," said the prisoner.

"Leave me to prove that. Sit here, so the light will fall on them, with your back this way, that will keep the light from showing between decks. So, that is it."

"But what was it made your voice and the sound of your name affect me so this morning? I could not divest myself of the feeling that I had heard it somewhere before."

"Heard it! bless you, sir, I rather think you have heard it before," said the fellow, as he worked industriously with his file upon the handcuffs.

"Well, where, and when, and under what circumstances?" asked the prisoner, curiously.

"That is just what I am going to tell you, sir; and you see, master Charles—"

"Master Charles,—Charles,—why do you call me that name?"

"Why, you see, that *is* your name, to be sure. Charles Bramble, and you are Captain Robert Bramble's brother, and—take care, hold still, or the file will cut you."

"How,—do not trifle with me,—what is this which you are telling me?"

"Indeed, sir,—indeed, it is all true," said the other, half frightened at the effect his words had produced upon the prisoner, who now stepped away from him and stood aloof, withdrawing his wrists from the operation which Leonard Hust was performing.

"Come hither, Leonard Hust, if that be your name," he said; "sit here and tell me what this business is that you refer to. No blind hints, sir, but speak out plainly, and like a man."

Thus interrogated, the man did as he was directed, and went on to tell the commander of the "Sea Witch" his story, up to the time when he was lost to his parents and friends. How he had never been kindly treated by his elder brother, who, indeed, drove him from home by his incessant oppression. He referred to that last gallant act he had performed, by saving his mother's favorite dog, and how little cousin Helen (she is the same as Miss Huntington) had seen it all, and had thanked him over and over again for it, and a thousand other reminiscences, thread by thread, and link by link, filling up the space from earliest childhood to the hour when he had left his home at Bramble Park.

As he went on relating these things, in the same old natural voice that he had poured into the same ears from their infancy, until nearly ten years had passed, a long-closed vein of memory seemed gradually to open in the prisoner's brain; he covered his face with his hands, and for a few moments seemed lost in connecting the various threads of the past, until gradually it all came plainly and clearly back to him. His memory had again by these hints become completely restored, *he was himself again!*

"Leonard, Leonard, I see all, remember all," he said, while a tear, a man's tear, wet for a single moment his bronzed cheek.

"I am rejoiced, sir, to hear it, I am sure," said the other.

"But, Leonard, where is my brother, and why is it necessary to remove these badges of shame by stealth? Tell me, where is Robert?"

"Alas, sir, you must remember that he never held a brother's regard for you; it was that very thing which drove you from us when you were a wee bit of a boy."

"True, true; but he must see the hand of Providence in all this, and I know he will give me his hand, and we will forgive each other and forget the past."

"Alas! sir, I always befriended you at home, when master Robert had set both the old folks against you, and I would do so now; but as to him, sir, I am sorry to say it, but he's a bad man, and he makes all those who are with him bad men, and I have many a sad thing at heart that I have been guilty of by following his orders, sir. No, no, master Charles, take my advice, don't trust Robert,—make your escape, or you will be hanged at the yard-arm of this very ship ere another twenty-four hours have passed!"

"Is he capable of this?" asked the younger brother, in tones of amazement.

"Nobody should know better than I, sir, and I tell you yes."

"My blood, then, shall not be upon his hands," said Charles, musing, "I will escape. Come, good Leonard, relieve me of these shackles, and quickly."

"Slowly, slowly, master Charles, we must be cautious, there are watchful eyes on board the ship, and sentries who know their duty, so be wary."

The young commander seemed now to stand more erect, there was a freer glance to his eye, his lips were more compressed and firm, he felt that what had been to him heretofore an indelible stain, a stigma upon his character, was now effaced; he was not only respectably born, but even gently and highly so. His father was knighted by his king, his blood was as pure and ancient as any in England. He could now take Helen Huntington to his heart without shame; he could boldly plead a cause that he had not before dared to utter; he could refer her to the dear hours of their childhood, to the tender kiss she gave him when he left that distant home to become a wanderer over half the globe!

He no longer felt the irons that Leonard Hust was filing away. He seemed to feel a strength

that would have snapped them like pack thread. He was a man now, a free man, and not a thing of accident, a thing for the world to point at in scorn, not an abandoned child of shame. No, he felt nerved at once by this singular, this almost miraculous discovery, and could hardly restrain his impatience. Yet a shadow for a moment crossed over his brow, as he thought of that brother, who could coldly look on and see him sacrificed, knowing what he must and surely did know. Could he have permitted such a result, had he been in Robert's place? Indeed, he felt he could not.

"Does not my brother know that you are here on this errand, Leonard?"

"If he did it would cost me my life," said the honest fellow.

Charles would have placed some favorable construction upon the case, but, alas, he could not; there was no possible way of disguising the matter. Robert was the same bitter, jealous-spirited soul that had rendered his childhood miserable. Time had not improved him,—it was his nature and could not be eradicated. Charles now realized this, and with a few further inquiries of Leonard, touching matters of vital interest to him, he resolved not to seek Robert, as he had at the outset intended, neither would he avoid him. He knew no other person save him could bring a continuance of the suit against him, but he hardly feared that even *he* would do that.

"Of course Helen Huntington knows nothing of this development yet, Leonard?"

"No, sir, and master Robert bid me be careful not to let her find it out, or to say one word about the matter to any one whatever. I wonder the lady didn't know you, sir."

"You forget that even Robert did not recognize me."

"And that, too, seemed funny to me. Why, sir, I seemed to know you the instant I set eyes on you in the court, and when I got close I soon settled the doubt in my mind."

"Well, my good fellow, it seems that but for you I might have been hanged, and that, too, by my own brother; but I trust all is set right now."

"I hope so, sir, only you must not let master Robert know that I liberated you from these ruffles, sir, will you, master Charles?"

"Never fear me, Leonard. I shall not do as you were about to do towards me, give testimony that will in any way criminate you."

"But I wasn't, sir, of my own free will, only master Robert had told me what I must say, and stick to it, and swear to it through thick and thin, and I'm afraid not to obey him."

"Poor fellow, I see you are, indeed, his tool; but if I find myself in any sort of a position ere long, I will take care to make your situation more comfortable."

"Thank ye, sir," said Leonard Hust, just as the last shackle dropped from the prisoner's wrists.

In the mean time, let us turn for a moment to the bedside of Captain Robert Bramble, for it is long past midnight, and, weary in mind and body, he had retired to that rest which he most certainly needed. But sleep is hardly repose to the guilty, and he was trebly so. Phantoms of all imaginable shape flitted across his brain, pictures of suffering, of misery and of danger, to all of which he seemed to be exposed, and from which he had no power to flee. Alas, how fearful the shadows that haunt a bad man's pillow. He writhed like one in physical pain, tossed from side to side, while the cold perspiration stood in big drops upon his brow and temples.

Now his dreams carry him back, far back a score of years, to his childhood at Bramble Park, when all was innocence, and then, with leaping strides, he finds himself, years after, even as to-day, bearing deadly witness against his brother. His dead father seems standing by his bedside, pointing at him a warning finger, and sadly chiding his fearful want of feeling. He tosses and turns and writhes again, then leaping from the uneasy bed, looks bewildered around, and half grows alarmed. Quickly he wraps a dressing-gown about him, and hastily walks back and forth to still the agony of feeling and the bitter phantoms of his dreams. How haggard and wild he looks by that dim candle-light.

Once more he throws himself upon his bed, and, after a while, is again asleep, if such unconsciousness can be called sleep. Again he tosses, and turns, and sighs like one in a nightmare until at last, towards the breaking of day, the quick, startling breathing ceases, and subsides into a regular and equal respiration, and he lies still. Nature overcomes all else, and he now sleeps, indeed, but not until he has passed through a fearful purgatory of dreams, all too real, too trying.—His brother, with soon the prospect of a disgraceful death on the gallows, had not suffered thus. No, he was repentant for the wrong he had done, and had already resolved to completely reform if the opportunity were offered to him; but Robert Bramble was outraging the laws of nature and of God.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ESCAPE.

Charles Bramble found himself playing a dangerous part. It was true that Leonard Hust had freed his hands from those shackles that had confined them so long, and had pointed out to him the way to retreat and escape; but he must run the gauntlet of dangers in order to do so. This, however, he was prepared to do; as to fear, it was a sensation he knew not; but prudence was much more requisite in this instance than any especial degree of courage. As is always the case on board a man-of-war, especially when lying in port, where the escape to the shore is easy, sentinels were placed at stern, stern and waist of the English ship, as all hours, pacing their allotted round of the deck, and keeping watchful guard over every avenue of exit from the vessel.

The only possible plan of escape that suggested itself to Charles Bramble, under the circumstances, was to place a few necessary articles of clothing in a small package, and confine it to the back of his neck, while he should divest himself of all garments, slip quietly into the water on the seaward side of the ship, where none of the sentries were immediately placed, the object being to guard the access to the shore more especially. Once in the water he had only to strike out quietly for the shore, trusting to the dullness of the sentries and the favoring darkness of the night to enable him to reach the land unobserved.

He had the most to fear from the sentry placed on the top-gallant forecastle of the ship, as that post was so near to his line of passage. He would have to swim round the bows far enough out to clear the land tackle, and when he got on an even line with the ship's bows, this sentry, if he happened to be on the lookout at the moment, could hardly fail to see him on the surface of the water. To obviate this difficulty, Leonard Hust, who was a sort of privileged person on board, being the captain's confidential servant and man of all work, undertook to engage the sentry's attention by some device, for a few moments, just at the opportune period, while the prisoner should get fairly clear of the ship.

"See here, Bill," said Leonard Hust, carelessly, as he emerged from the fore hatch; "look ye, old boy, I have had *such* a dream, hang me if I can sleep a wink."

"What's that to *me*?" growled the sentry, morosely, and not much more than half awake.

"Why, if you knew *what* it was I dreamed, you would think it was something to you," continued the other, with assumed mystery and seriousness.

"Look ye, Leonard Hust," said the marine, "do you know you are talking to a sentry on duty, and that it's clearly against the rules of the ship to do so?"

"Why, as to the matter of that, I don't see but that you are as much to blame as I am," continued the other; "but who is there to peach on either of us?"

"That's true," added the marine, bringing the butt of his musket lightly to the deck; "but for all that, Leonard, it's dangerous business, for you see if—hallo! what's that?"

"Nothing; nothing but me drawing *this cork*," said the other, quickly producing a small bottle of brandy from his pocket, and urging the marine to drink.

The temptation was too great, and the sleepy and tired sentinel drank a heavy draught of the liquor, smacking his lips, and forgetting the sound he had just heard, and which Leonard Hust very well knew was caused by the prisoner's descent a little too quickly into the water, alongside the ship.

"Now, Bill, what do you think I *did* dream?" continued the captain's man.

"Bother it, how can I tell?" answered the marine. "Let it out if it's worth telling."

"Why, do you see, Bill, I kept tossing and turning uncomfortable-like for an hour or so, until finally I thought I saw you, with your face as black as the ace of spades, and your body dangling by the neck from the main yard-arm of the ship a dead man!"

"Well, that's comfortable at any rate," said the marine, "and you needn't trouble yourself in future, Leonard Hust, to repeat your dreams to me, especially if they are personal."

"Never mind, man, it was all a dream, no truth in it, you know. Come, old boy, take another drink for companionship, and then good night to you, and I'll turn in."

The marine goodily drained the rest of the bottle, and with swimming eyes thanked Leonard for his kindness, bade him good night, and with an unsteady step resumed his musket and his walk upon the forecastle. In the meantime, Charles Bramble, who was an expert swimmer, had got out of gunshot and even sight of the ship, or rather where his head could not be discovered from the ship's deck, and was nearing the shore very fast. He had secured, as he proposed, sufficient clothing upon the back of his neck, and in an oil cloth covering, so as to keep it dry, to equip himself quite comfortably on landing, and in those garments he was soon dressed again, and making his way through the town to the mission house, where he knew Helen Huntington and her mother to be, and where he knew, also, that he could find at least temporary lodgings.

He had no longer any fear that his brother would resume the charge concerning him before the court—bad as he knew him to be, he did not believe that he would do this, though he doubted not that he would have managed to have kept him in confinement, and perhaps to have carried him thus to England, partly from revengeful feelings towards him, and partly to keep him out of the presence of her whom he so tenderly loved. But, lest his brother should be betrayed by his feelings into any extremity of action concerning him, he resolved at once to write him a note, declaring that their relationship was known, and that should any further persecution be offered, the same should at once be made public to the oppressor's disgrace.

With this purpose, he hardly awaited the breaking of day before he possessed himself of writing materials, and wrote and despatched the following to his brother:

"Captain Robert Bramble,—About the same time you receive this note, you will also be made aware, doubtless, of my escape from durance vile in your ship. The purpose of my sending you this is not to ask any favors at the hand of one who was never actuated towards me even in childhood by a brother's regard, but whose sole desire and purpose have been to oppress and injure one related to him by the nearest ties of relationship. My object is rather to let you know that any further attempt to arraign me before the court will lead at once to a public declaration of the fact that you *are my brother*, a relationship which necessity alone will compel me to publish to the people of Sierra Leone.

"Charles Bramble,
"Alias Captain Will Ratlin."

Charles Bramble felt that he was safe from further immediate opposition on his brother's part, and that it was only necessary for him to keep quietly within doors until some chance for shipping from the port should occur, to enable him to disentangle himself from the singular web of circumstance which chance had woven so net-like about him. In spite of the sad accompaniments of the realization of his condition as it regarded his brother, and the partial danger of his present position, yet there was a lightness to his heart, a buoyancy in his breast, which he had not known for nearly a score of years, for he now felt that all shame of birth was removed from him, that he was respectably and even highly born, and that in point of blood was even the equal, full equal of that fair and lovely girl he regarded so devotedly.

Of course there was no disguise between Charles Bramble and Helen, and her mother, as to the charge brought against him. They knew very well that he had been engaged in the evil trade of the coast, but they knew also that he had conducted his part of the business upon the most humane principles which the traffic would admit, and that he was not a principal, but an agent in the business, sailing his ship as rich owners had directed, and also that besides the fact of his having utterly renounced the trade altogether since he became acquainted with Helen Huntington, his heart and feelings had never been engaged in its necessary requirements. Realizing these facts, we say, neither Helen nor her mother regarded Captain Ratlin (the only character in which they yet knew him) to be actually and seriously culpable as to a charge of inhumanity.

The gratification which Helen evinced on meeting him the next morning after his escape from the ship, was too honest, too unmistakable in its import not to raise up fresh hopes in his heart, that, in spite of his seeming disgrace, his confinement as a prisoner, his trial as an outlaw, and his fallen fortunes generally, still there was one heart that beat purely and tenderly with at least a sister's affection for him, and even Mrs. Huntington, who had not for one moment suspected the true state of her daughter's sentiments towards the young commander, did not hesitate to salute him tenderly, and assure him of her gratification at his release from bondage. She was a generous hearted woman, frank and honorable in her sentiments, and she secretly rejoiced that they had, herself and daughter unitedly, been able to exert a refining influence over so chivalric and noble a character, as she fully realized Captain Ratlin to be at heart, and in all his inward promptings.

Charles Bramble still hesitated as to revealing his relationship to Captain Robert Bramble, from real feelings of delicacy, even to Mrs. Huntington, whom he felt he could trust, partly because he had reason to know that the mother had favored the suit of his brother whom Helen had rejected in India, and partly because at present of his own equivocal situation. But to Helen herself he felt that he might, indeed that he *must* reveal the important truth, and that very evening as they sat together in one of the spacious apartments of the mission house, he took her hand within his own, and asked her if he might confide in her as he would have done with a dear sister.

"You know, Captain Ratlin, that I feel so much indebted to you, in so many ways, that any little service I am capable of doing for you would be but a grateful pleasure," was the instant and frank reply of the beautiful girl, while a heightened glow mantled her cheek.

"Then, Helen, listen to me, and if I am too excited in speaking of a subject so immensely important to me, I trust you will forgive me. Already I have given you a rough outline of my story, rough and uncouth indeed, since I could give it no commencement. You will remember that previous to the fall I got on ship-board, while a boy in the 'Sea Lion,' I could recall no event. It was all a blank to me, and my parentage and my childhood were to me a sealed book. Strange as it may seem that book has been opened, and the story is now complete. I know all!"

"Indeed! indeed I am rejoiced to hear you say so," was the earnest reply, while the countenance of the fair creature by his side was lighted up by tenderness and hope.

"You look pleased, Helen," he continued; "but supposing the gap in my story, which is now filled up, had better for my own credit have remained blank?"

"That cannot be—I feel that it cannot be," she said, almost eagerly.

"Supposing that it is now ascertained that the parents of the sailor boy, whose story you have heard, deserted him because of necessity; supposing they were poor, very humble, but not dishonest, would such facts rob me of your continued kind feelings?"

"You know, Captain Ratlin, that you need not ask such a question," she replied, as she looked into his face with her whole gentle soul open through her eyes.

"You are too kind, too trusting in your confidence in me, Helen," he said.

The only reply was from her downcast eyes, and a still warmer blush which covered the delicate surface of her temples even, and glowed in silent beauty upon her cheek.

"Helen," continued he by her side in tones of tenderness that were momentarily becoming more and more gentle, more and more expressive of the deepest feeling; "Helen, do you remember the days of your childhood, at home, in far-off England, at home near Bramble Park?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, eagerly. "But why do you speak of those days?"

She looked into his face as she asked, almost as though she could read his meaning.

"Do you remember Robert Bramble then?"

"Well, well."

"And do you remember his brother, Helen?"

"Gracious heavens, yes!" she quickly answered, almost anticipating his words.

"Well, Helen, Charles Bramble is before you!"

She did not faint nor utter a shriek at the effect of the powerfully condensed feelings which crowded upon her heart and senses; but she stood for one moment gazing at him as though a veil had been removed from her eyes, recalling in one instant of time the sweet memories of their childish days together, recalling even the kiss, that last kiss he had given her years, years before, when he saw her for the last time, until they met in the broad ocean; she recalled these things and a thousand more in a moment of time. She remembered how strangely the tones of his voice had affected her from the outset, how they had seemed to awaken dreams of the past nearly every time she listened to him. These things she thought like a flash of mind in one instant, and then, covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud!

One moment Charles Bramble stood and looked upon that long-loved, beautiful form; one moment, like herself, recalled the past, the sunshine of his childish hours—ay, even the last kiss which she, too, remembered, now that so much had been recalled; and then he tenderly drew the weeping, loving girl to his heart, and whispered to her how dearly he loved her still!

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LEAVE ME NOT LONELY.

BY A. K. PERCIVAL.

Leave me not lonely, to sorrow and tears—
Wild dreams and fancies, terrors and fears;
Earth has no charms for me, unless thou'rt near;
Come then, my dearest one, hide with me here.

Thine own will I be, through life's shadow and light,
Loving thee ever, through evil or right;
Fondly and truly I'll trust but in thee,
And ask in return, nought, save love for me.

Leave me not lonely, the world to contend,
For "the reed breaketh quickly that never will bend;"
And thus with my heart, though it bend not at all,
It would break, should its cherished idol fall.

Ask not why I love thee, for words cannot tell
The thoughts that within my bosom dwell;
But reposing upon my spirit's throne,
Is but one image—it is thine own.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STRANGER.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

The shadows of evening were fast gathering over the city of Berlin, when the diligence drew up before the portals of the principal inn. A single traveller alighted, a stranger to all the other occupants, and yet none of them seemed to interest themselves the least in him. A marvel it was too that such should be the case, for then as now, a new guest was usually subjected to close scrutiny by the idlers of the porch and bar-room. After despatching his supper, and promenading awhile through the grand saloon as if he were relieving himself of the numbness which is the common result of a long and tedious ride, he threw himself carelessly into a seat, and then for the first time seemed to notice the anxious and preoccupied looks of the crowd that surrounded him. There seemed a general impatience at the slowness of the clock; watches were compared, and many wishes expressed that the hour would strike.

Addressing himself to a prepossessing looking young man who stood near him, the stranger inquired the cause of this general agitation.

"Your question, sir, would be evidence of your being a stranger here, had we not seen you alight to-night. Know then, that they give us this evening, for the first time, Mozart's Enchanted Flute, and we are all burning with impatience to hear it."

"Pah! pah!" said the questioner in an ironical tone; "and is this all? Verily a great deal of smoke for so faint a flame."

This reply, so different from the impassioned one to which he expected to listen, aroused the indignation of the young man, and he not only defended Mozart with jealous zeal, but expatiated upon his striking and rare merits with all the enthusiasm of an excited youth. Nor was he alone in the dispute, for the warmer it waxed the more general it became, till at length the whole impatient crowd forgot the opera in their defence of the celebrated composer. But their arguments seemed entirely lost upon the stranger; for as obstinately as at first, he persisted in saying that Mozart was anything but a great musician, while his compositions were scarcely above mediocrity.

The young man to whom he had first spoken, who was nephew of the Baron of Heynitz, Minister of State to the King of Prussia, and three of his companions, all of them enthusiastic admirers of Mozart, became at length so excited, that they finally declared if he did not retract his assertions, he should fight one of the four, and he might have his own choice whether it should be a duel of pistols or swords.

Very much astonished did the stranger seem at this proposition, and he lost no time in telling them that he was neither a bully nor a soldier, and had never fought a duel in his life. But this avowal, though made with the most apparent sincerity and frankness, availed him nothing, but rather drew upon him a new volley of sarcastic remarks, and finally he was so hard pushed by them, that he consented to accept the challenge, in case ere the appointed time they did not retract, and the following day being decided upon as the eventful one, the hour, arms and seconds being chosen, they closed the conversation, commenced so harmoniously, but marred with such jarring discords, and the crowd dispersed, the long wished for hour having at length arrived.

The stranger reluctantly allowed himself to be conducted to the theatre, but so dense was the crowd, that it was almost impossible to effect an entrance, and had he not been accompanied by some of the most active disputants of the inn, he would scarcely have obtained the poor seat he did.

The opera commenced, and brilliantly, too; the overture being received with the most passionate applause. The stranger alone, of all that panting, excited crowd, neither applauded, by voice or manner, but remained immovable in an obscure corner of the box, with his cloak drawn closely about him. It was not strange that his conduct should be observed by his neighbors, commented upon by them, and excite likewise their curiosity. Was he stock or stone? They scrutinized him more closely in their efforts to ascertain.

One young man in particular watched him. Something familiar there had seemed to him from the first glance, in the stranger's appearance, something that charmed his gaze like fascination, and his eyes were rivetted upon him. Inadvertently, in his effort to screen his figure more narrowly, some folds of the cloak escaped his hand, and a glance, brief as the flash of the summer cloud, was allowed of his countenance. But brief as it was, it was enough. Ere a moment had passed, the watcher was in the arms of the stranger, exclaiming in almost incoherent eagerness:

"My dear, dear master! You here! You! You in Berlin at this time, and by what chance, pray? And here! Here in this box? It is no place for you!" And extricating himself from the silencing grasp, he throws open the door, rushes down stairs, enters the orchestra, approaches the master of the king's chapel, who directs the opera, and whispers to him eagerly, almost wildly. Reichard rises hastily, crowds his way rapidly into the king's box, obtains an instantaneous audience, and then seeks the motionless stranger.

The excitement of that mighty multitude at this moment became intense. The play was suspended, the music ceased, the actors withdrew, and everybody was in a tumult; their hearts throbbing anxiously and expectantly, though they hardly knew why. They soon however, perceived in the royal box a pale, slender man, a stranger to them all. He is led there by M. Reichard, and by him presented to the king. They see him received not only graciously by his majesty, but with distinguished honor, and presented by him to the royal family. Soon too, they see the same unknown one in the orchestra, surrounded by the musicians, who seem at a loss how to express their delight. They see M. Reichard, radiant with joy, entreat him to take his place; they see him decline again and again, and accede finally only to the joint and continued solicitations of the entire orchestra, and seat himself at the piano. They listen, with spell-bound ears, till the first delicious, delirious strain is wafted toward them, and then the vast theatre resounds with a burst of the most deafening applause, while enthusiastic cries of *vivat Mozart* echo from every crevice. The mystery is explained—Mozart and the stranger are—one.

THE EXPECTED GREAT COMET.

The eminent astronomer, M. Babinet, member of the Academy of Sciences, gives some very interesting details relative to the return of that great comet whose periodical course is computed by the most celebrated observers at three hundred years. Our cyclical records show that it was observed in the year 104, 392, 682, 975—again in 1264, and the next time in 1556—always described as shining with the most extraordinary brilliancy.

Most of the European astronomers had agreed in announcing the return of this comet in 1848; but it has hitherto failed to appear. In fact, it is not so easy or simple a matter to compute those vast cyclical periods as some superficial persons—who do not look beyond the year or the year in which they live—may imagine. We are, however, assured by M. Babinet, that up to this moment this beautiful star "is living on its brilliant reputation:" so that Sir John Herschell himself was wrong when he despaired of its reappearance, and put crape on his telescope! We are now informed that a celebrated and accurate computer—M. Bomme, of Middleburgh—with a patience and devotedness truly German, has gone over all the previous calculations, and made a new estimate of the separate and combined action of all the planets upon this comet, of three hundred years; and he has discovered that it is not lost to us, but only retarded in its motion. The result of this severe labor gives the arrival of this rare and renowned visitor in August, 1848, with an uncertainty of two years more or less; so that, between 1856 and 1860, those who are then living may hope to see the great luminary which, in 1556, caused Charles V. to abdicate.—*New York Albion.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

There is a strange story now floating on the great sea of literary tabletalk. Nothing less, let me tell you, than that an unpublished fiction by Sir Walter Scott has turned up, and will be published in Paris, where it was found. The story runs, that a rich old German, who lived in Paris when Scott visited it in 1826, had a monomania for collecting autographs, and wanted one of Scott's; that Anne Scott gave him the manuscript of an historical romance by her father, which he had determined not to publish; that he prized this very much, kept it in a box by himself, and promised to bequeath it to his private secretary; that he quitted Paris in 1830, and was lost sight of; that a few months ago the German's daughter forwarded the writing-case from Bavaria; that the secretary opened it, and found it to contain, "Redgauntlet, a Tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten;" that it is of the usual three-volume extent; that it is being translated for publication in the French, and that it has the genuine life, spirit, and reality of the best of the Waverly romances.—*London Cor. of the N. Y. Sunday Times.*

A PROPHECY.

By the vulgar of every rank it was asserted and believed, that an equestrian statue in the square of Taurus was secretly inscribed with a prophecy, how the Russians, in the last days, should become masters of Constantinople. In our own time a Russian armament, instead of sailing from the Borysthenes, has circumnavigated the continent of Europe; and the Turkish capital has been threatened by a squadron of strong and lofty ships of war, each of which with its naval science and thundering artillery, could have sunk or scattered an hundred canoes, such as those of their ancestors. Perhaps the present generation may yet behold the accomplishment of the prediction, of a race prediction, of which the style is ambiguous and the date unquestionable.—*Gibbon's "Rome."*

Life's Struggle.—There are moments when the liberty of the inner life, opposed to the trammels of the outer, becomes too oppressive; moments when we wish that our mental horizon were less extended, though less free; when we long to put the discursive soul into a narrow path like a railway, and force it to run on in a straight line to some determined goal.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE UNKNOWN.

BY ISABEL ASHTON.

And don't you call her beautiful?
You have no eyes for beauty, then;
I am so charmed with her sweet face,
I cannot choose but look again.
See how that rose-hue softly steals
In brightness to her rounded cheek,
Where those fringe lashes, long and deep,
May rest themselves—when will she speak?

I have a passion for dark eyes,
Hers are wild, dark and flashing too;
Her pouting lips seem full of love—
Who is she, dear—pray, do you know?
How exquisite that shade of lace
Droops down from off her braided hair;
There is no shining gem or pearl—
They would burn dimly staying there.
That little rosebud only clings
In trusting beauty to her heart;
It makes me know her spirit pure,
It whispers of her life a part.

I long to hear her speak one word,
One little word—sing one sweet lay;
For in my soul her face is shrined,
'Twill linger with me on life's way.
I do so love all human flowers—
The beautiful, the pure, the good;
I cannot turn me from their light,
From worshipping them if I would.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A DUEL AT SEA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

ONE pleasant evening in the autumn of '44 a small party of us were seated about a supper table in Boston, and among our number was a ship-master named David Burke. We had placed him at the head of the table, and consequently we put him up for the first story. "Well, boys," said he, "I shall give you a bit of a passage from my own life; and, whatever may be its interest to you, it has been a passage of most thrilling interest to me." We were all anxious to hear it, and he commenced:

"I was born in the western part of New York, and at that time the section of my birth was considered to be almost out of the world so far west. I have, of my own memory, but a faint recollection of my parents, my father having died when I was very young—not more than two years old at the farthest—and my mother dying when I was five. I never heard from my mother the circumstances attending my father's death, though I had heard enough to assure me that he did not die a natural death. To tell the truth, my mother never possessed a sound mind after her bereavement, for she spoke wildly at times, and always, when the subject of my father's death was mentioned, she was agitated and convulsed. I was old enough to see that before she died.

"When my mother died I was left in charge of an old woman—a maiden aunt—who had been a nurse in the family, and two years afterwards she, too, died. Before she breathed her last, however, she gave me to a female friend of hers, and I was then taken to Philadelphia. Thus at the age of seven years, I was in the hands of those who had never known my parents, and when I became old enough to realize my situation, and feel a desire to know if my parents had not some relatives still living, I could find no one who could give me any information. All knowledge of my family was gone.

"At the age of ten years I ran away from my female guardian and got a chance to ship in a New Orleans packet as cabin boy, and at the age of twenty-eight I had command of as fine a ship as ever sailed out of the States. In the year '37—and I was then just thirty years old—I had command of the ship 'Witherspoon.' She was a staunch, noble craft, and of some eight hundred tons burden. I had a cargo for the Indies. I touched at the Cape de Verds, and there, at St. Antonio, I found part of the crew of an American ship which had been cast away upon the rocks of Brava during a storm. Most of them were waiting for a passage home, but the captain of the wrecked ship wished to go with me to India, whither he had been bound. He had saved all his papers, and the greater part of his money, the stern of his ship having been lifted upon the rocks, and the money being in the run beneath the cabin floor.

"His name was Seth Barry, and I liked the man the moment I saw him. He was somewhere about forty-five years of age, stout and powerful in frame, and eminently handsome in physiognomy. I had a spare room in the cabin, and I cheerfully gave it up to his use. I do not think that I ever before or since formed so strong a friendship for a man as I did for him. We were together nearly the whole of the time, and I found his company not only interesting, but valuable, for he was a most thorough seaman and navigator, and I got much valuable knowledge from him. He was naturally a very kind man, and his disposition was in the main light and playful; but he had seasons of stern moods, and sometimes he would almost appear rude and savage to one who did not know him.

"In due time we arrived at the Hoogly, and there Captain Barry left the ship for Calcutta, going up in the same lighter with myself. From Calcutta I was going to Hong Kong and Canton, and was to stop at the Hoogly on my return; so Barry planned to remain in Calcutta and attend to his business and join my ship again when I came back. At Canton I found the American agent expecting me, and my business was speedily transacted; and here, too, I found another passenger, an American merchant who had amassed a fortune in the opium trade, having been for the past six years engaged in smuggling the interdicted drug into Canton. His name was Thomas Bruckley, and he was somewhere about fifty five or sixty years of age, but still stout and hale, bearing the hand of time lightly and easily.

"Bruckley offered a good round sum for his passage, and of course I could not refuse, as I was under instructions from my owners to allow no opportunity to slip of making passage-money. Yet I did not like the merchant's looks. He was not bad looking, nor did he at first exhibit any bad traits of character or disposition; but for all that I disliked the man. He had a sort of distant, cold way with him that struck me unfavorably, and then he was puffed up by a kind of pride, as though his vast piles of Indian gold made him better than other people. By the time I set sail from Canton I wished my merchant passenger on shore, for I found that he would be no company for me, and that even before my crew he exhibited his *hauteur*. He took two Malay servants with him, and one of these he kept constantly by him. His treatment of those servants was enough to disgust any decently disposed person if he had displayed no other disagreeable points. They had both of them been with him a number of years, and though they were by nature a savage, treacherous pair, yet he had a perfect control over them, and they bore his kicks and cuffs without open resentment.

"As soon as we dropped anchor at Diamond Point, Mr. Bruckley took a boat and went up to Calcutta, he having some business to transact there before he left the Indies. On the next day Captain Barry came down, and I once more felt comfortable, for his presence more than made up for the boorishness of the merchant. I told Barry about my new passenger, and failed not to point out all his peculiarities. This I did not from a desire to tattle, but in order to show my friend why I was so glad to have his company once more. Three days after that the last lighter load of goods came down from the city, and with it came Mr. Bruckley. I introduced him to Captain Barry, and though he gave quite a respectable greeting, yet Barry was as cold and distant as a nabob. I supposed of course that Barry was acting upon my information, for he was a man who could not bear self-sufficiency in any one.

"During the four days which first succeeded our sailing from Calcutta, Captain Barry hardly spoke with Bruckley, but maintained towards him a most cold and formal manner. I could see that the merchant was cut by this, though he affected to take no notice of it. I observed that Barry would sit and watch Bruckley's countenance for minutes together, and that his own face, at such times, would wear a look of hatred almost deadly. At length the merchant avoided his passenger companion, and seemed to be uneasy in his presence; and I was not long in making up my mind that there was something connected with those two men which I did not see—that there was an under-current the source of which was hidden. But I asked no questions.

"One day, after we had been at sea nearly three weeks, we were all three in the cabin. We had just eaten dinner, and my mates had gone on deck. Bruckley had called one of his Malay servants into the cabin, and for some slight mishap he knocked the fellow down. I felt indignant, for the poor Malay had done nothing at all out of the way that he could possibly have avoided. As soon as he was down Bruckley commenced to kick him. I was just upon the point of speaking when Barry started from his seat and caught the merchant by the arm.

"'Mr. Bruckley,' he said, drawing him forcibly back, and at the same time giving him an impetus that sent him nearly across the cabin, 'you have no right to exhibit a brutality that can give pain to all who behold it. If you wish to give any more exhibitions of such character you will choose some place where I am not.'

"Bruckley turned pale as death, and at first I thought he would attack the man who had thus interfered, but he did not. He met the gaze of Barry, and he seemed cowered by it. But his tongue soon found license.

"'Villain!' he gasped, 'interfere in my affairs again and you shall suffer for it.'

"'Mr. Bruckley,' said I, 'remember that your passage money did not pay for the right to turn my cabin into a whipping-room. Captain Barry has done no more than I should have done, had he not moved as he did.'

"Barry cast upon me a look of gratitude, but he was very pale in the face, though he did not tremble. Every muscle was as rigid as steel. Bruckley made no reply to my remark, and in a moment more Captain Barry spoke:

"'Mr. Bruckley,' said he, in a sort of hushed tone, as though he were trying to keep back a part of his feelings, 'you have applied an epithet to me, which from you I am not willing to take. But that is not all. You know me, I think, and I am sure that I know you.' Barry's tone grew louder, and the blood came back freely to his face. 'I know you for a deep, dark villain, and you are no more fit to live upon the earth than the most poisonous serpent that crawls. Your very presence is a curse, and your name is a blot upon the page of humanity!'

"I put my hand upon Barry's arm and asked him to remember himself, for I saw Bruckley growing furious. But he removed my hand and smiled at my fears. His smile was a curious one—almost a deadly one.

"'By the Lord above me!' hissed the merchant, 'you are a dead man!'

"'That,' returned Barry, 'is a point that remains to be settled. I have a pair of pistols that never yet missed fire, and I have a pair of swords whose temper cannot be excelled. You may take which you choose; for, mean and wicked as you are, I will not hesitate to stake my life against your own!'

"The merchant gazed first upon Barry, and then upon me, and I could see that his rage was fast giving place to other thoughts.

"'Dog!' he at length uttered, 'you shall eat your words, or die!'

"'I see you are inclined to please me,' rejoined Barry.

"'To *kill* you,' cried Bruckley.

"'And that will surely please me if you have the courage to face me in the attempt.'

"'By the heavens above us, you shall not live to taunt me more. Where are your pistols?'

"'Do you *prefer* them to the swords?'

"'Yes.'

"'Good. You shall have them in a minute.'

"Captain Barry arose and went to his room, and when he returned he bore in his hands a mahogany case, and upon opening it I saw two superbly mounted pistols.

"'Captain,' he said to me, 'will you load these?'

"Until then I had not spoken, for I knew not what to say, but now that I had been appealed to to help in the affair, my tongue was loosened.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I beg that you will give over this affair. It has all arisen from a very small matter, and to throw away a human life upon it will be as foolish as it will be wicked.'

"Barry slowly raised his finger and pointed it full in the opium trader's face. 'Captain Burke,' he said to me, 'before I would live another day with that man—that *thing*, I would go and crawl with the very toads and asps of the earth!'

"'Say no more,' cried Bruckley. 'Let the thing go on. I have been insulted enough.'

"'Shall I load the pistols?' asked Barry.

"'Load your own, and I will load mine,' was the trader's reply.

"As he spoke he retired to his room, and when he returned, he, too, had a pair of pistols. He went on deck and fired them both off, and then he returned to the cabin and began to reload them, and as soon as he thus set the example, Barry followed it. I shall not attempt to describe my feelings at that time. I knew that both those men were resolute and determined, and that they were firmly resolved to kill each other. You may think me foolish, but surely some unseen power held my tongue at that moment. I wanted to stop the duel, but I could not. I wished to speak to Barry, and urge him to desist, but I could not find the words. I wanted to command them to maintain peace, but I dared not issue the order. Surely something tied my tongue. I sat there and saw them load their pistols, and I watched each separate movement most carefully. Ever and anon I could perceive a slight tremulousness in the hand of Barry, but I was sure that he was moved by that same internal something which I had before noticed, but which I could not comprehend. His face was cold and stern, and his muscles as rigid as iron. I looked upon the opium-smuggler, and his hands were as steady as though he were carving a fowl; but I was startled when I looked into his face, for instead of finding it the seat of anger or sternness, I found a demoniac smile resting there, and ever and anon, as his eye would glance towards his enemy, I could see a spark in it that surely meant no good, and that could come from no hoxorable intent. I believed he meant foul play, and from that moment I resolved to keep an eye upon him. As length the pistols were loaded, and then Barry went back to his room and brought out a small packet of papers which he handed to me.

"'Captain Burke,' he said, in a tone perfectly calm and possessed, 'This is all I have to leave behind me, save what money is locked up in my chest, and among these papers you will find directions for disposing of that. Take them, and if I fall you will open and read the papers, and be governed by them. Will you?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'but once more let me—'

"'It's no use,' he cried, interrupting me, 'for if you should stop us now we should fight the first opportunity. In short, it does not lay within the power of man to prevent this duel. Keep the papers, and do as you have promised.'

"As I took the packet a new thought flashed across my mind. I had seen Barry engaged in writing at different times for some days past, and of course I suspected that this duel had been an idea with him for some time. In fact, the whole thing was incomprehensible, but I had resolved now to let them have the fight, hoping that they would fire one or two shots without mortal effect, and then give it up, for of course I saw that I could not prevent it. To be sure, I might have prevented the duel at that particular time, but from what I had seen of Barry's determination, and of Bruckley's villany, I feared that time might lead to a worse result. I would have given considerable to have had both the belligerents clear of the ship, but it was of no use to indulge in such thoughts then, and I let the matter go on. And then, you must remember, I felt that strange, unseen, indescribable power holding me away from interfering.

"'Mr. Bruckley,' I said, addressing the opium smuggler, 'have you no word to leave?'

"'No, sir,' he answered.

"'You have much money,' I continued, 'and if you should chance to fall—'

"'I shall not fall!' he uttered, cutting me short.

"I remembered the smile I had seen upon his face, and I was sure he meant some foul play, and at the first opportunity I whispered my fears to Barry. The captain started as I spoke thus to him, and I could see that his eyes flashed. He grasped me by the hand, and in a quick whisper he said:

"'If he does play me foul—if he *fires before his time*, will you shoot him?'

"'I'll see him brought to justice,' was my reply.

"'Thank you,' said Barry. He would have said more, but at that moment Bruckley turned towards us, and he stopped.

"Captain Barry had been very intimate with my mate, and he was sent for, and as soon as he had learned all the circumstances he agreed to preside over the deadly work, for I had utterly refused. It was arranged that my mate should count by his watch once in two seconds, and that at the word *three* they should both fire.

"We went on deck, and of course we had to explain the whole thing to the men before we commenced, so that they might keep out of the way of harm, at least. As soon as we were upon the deck, Barry went up and whispered in Bruckley's ear. I noticed the movement, and I saw the merchant turn pale. It could have been but a few words that were whispered, but upon Bruckley they had a powerful effect. He not only turned pale, as I just said, but his hands were clenched, and he seemed almost frightened. But it was only for the moment, for as soon as Barry's back was turned that same dark smile rested again upon his face. Bruckley walked forward, where he said he should take his stand, and the mate then paced off fifteen paces, which distance had been agreed upon. I tried to make it twenty, but my will was not accepted. Bruckley would have had it ten.

"The ship was now close-hauled upon the larboard tack, and sailing as near to the wind as possible. The two combatants took their stations upon the weather side, Bruckley standing just forward of the gangway, and Barry abreast of the mizzen rigging. The men had all collected upon the lee side of the quarter-deck, and not a word was uttered. Once more the wish came to me to stop the duel, but I could not. At length the mate, who stood by the harness-cask, abaft the mainmast, asked if all was ready. They both said yes. And then he counted:

"'*One—Two—*'

"I had my eye upon Bruckley, and I saw that he was taking deliberate aim. The moment the word *two* was spoken he fired! That had been his plan—it was in contemplation of that piece of villany that he had smiled so wickedly. But his trick availed him nothing, for an unlooked-for accident thwarted his plan. The helmsman had become so wrapped up in the excitement of the occasion, that he had forgotten his helm entirely, and the ship had come up into the wind. The heavy mainsail caught the wind upon its forward surface, and it came flapping and crashing against the mast just as Bruckley pulled the trigger. He stood too far forward for the foot of the sail to strike him as it came over, but it came directly across the line of his aim, which was at Barry's heart, and his ball was buried in the stout, hard bolt-rope!

"Captain Barry moved not, but at the word *three* he fired just as the bolt-rope rose with the bellying of the sail. Thomas Bruckley uttered a quick, sharp cry, and pressed his left hand upon his breast. In a moment more he dropped his pistol, and some of the men caught him in their arms and bore him aft. He made one grasp at Barry after he was laid upon the quarter-deck, but he did not speak. His eyes flashed with a single spark, and then that spark died away. The word '*revenge*' hissed upon his lips, and his head sank back. That night his lifeless body was consigned to the grave of waters.

"During four whole days neither Barry nor myself spoke one word respecting the duel, but on the morning of the fifth day he and I were alone in the cabin, and having looked into the rooms of the mates to see that they were both empty he drew his seat near to my own, and after looking me in the face a few moments, he said:

"'Captain Burke, I have determined to tell to you the secret of Thomas Bruckley's death. I mean, why I challenged him, and why I set my life in the scale of chance against his. I would not have you think that for any personal affront I would engage in a duel. You must know, then, that I have for some years been longing for the moment when I could stand face to face with Thomas Bruckley as I have now stood. Twenty-eight years ago my father and Bruckley had some transaction in a business way, and my father was cheated out of four thousand dollars. He warned Bruckley of having done it. He knew Bruckley had done it; but the villain not only refused all restitution, but he challenged my father to mortal combat for having slandered him. For a long while my father took no notice of the challenge, but at length, by taunts and sneers, he was goaded on to do a thing which his soul despised. He accepted the challenge. Bruckley was an experienced shot, and he had planned to murder his victim outright. They met—they were to fire at the word '*three!*' but Bruckley fired *at the word two!* My father fell shot though the heart! I was then seventeen, but I did not know of this at the time, for my father went out to his death without letting any of his family know of it. When I did know the truth, I went out and in my heart I had resolved to kill the murderer of my father, but he had fled.

"When I returned to my home I found that I could be of no more use there. My mother had an aunt living with her, and as they had just about enough to live upon, I left and went to sea in hopes of coming across the murderer. I returned to my home in just five years, and I not only found that my mother had died of a broken heart, but that the old aunt was also dead, and that a young, baby brother which I had left, had been taken away, no one could tell where. I went to sea again, and I have followed the sea ever since, and this was the first time I had seen Thomas Bruckley since my father's death. Now all now.'

"'Not quite,' said I, greatly agitated. 'I see how you felt in the presence of the man who had first ruined your father, then murdered him, and killed your mother with a broken heart—but tell me that father's name?'

"'I have not the honor,' my passenger replied, 'His name was Watkins. My name, as he gave it to me, was Seth Barry Watkins; but when I first went to sea, determined to hunt up Bruckley, I left off my family name, and so I have been ever since.'

"'And do you remember the name of the maiden aunt—the old lady whom you left with your mother?' I asked.

"'Yes—her name was *Burke*.'

"'So it was,' said I. 'And after your mother died, that aunt then took your *baby* brother, then only five years old, and gave him her own name!'

"'What!' exclaimed Barry, starting from his seat and grasping me by the arm. 'Are you that boy?'

"'I was born in Western New York,' I replied. 'My father's name was Watkins—he met a violent death when I was two years old—my mother died when I was five—my old aunt took me and gave me her name then; when I was seven she died, leaving me with a female friend who took me to Philadelphia. I remember of hearing my aunt say something about a brother of mine, but she never spoke of him much, and even then as though he were dead. What think you?'

"Barry sprang forward, but he was no quicker than I was. We were locked in each other's arms, and there we wept. My mate came down, and found us two weather-beaten ship-masters crying. But we told him all, and he carried the story on deck. After that we talked over old times, and by-and-by we came to the duel just fought.

"'Daniel,' said my brother, taking my hand, 'I know that no law, either human or divine, would excuse me for taking that man's life. But I could not have helped doing what I did. It had become part of my very soul to pray for the power of doing what the laws of my country left undone. I would not have accustomed him, but I set my own life against his, and with his full and free assent. When I whispered to him on deck, and he turned pale, I told him who I was. He then whispered in reply that I should follow my father. You know well how he meant to do it! He would murder me as he did my sire. And was not that a finger of Providence that stayed his bullet? I think so.'

"But, let that act of my brother rest between himself and his God. I can say that he was, and is, a noble, generous man. He returned with me to the States. We found a cousin of Bruckley's living in New York city, and he was in truth the only known relative of the villain living. He was a maternal cousin, and his name was Doddridge. We told him the whole story from beginning to end, having first found him to be a generous man, and well acquainted, too, with his cousin's villanous character. Bruckley had left no will, and we passed all his wealth into Doddridge's hands, and when he found how much there was, and had taken process to legally hold it, he made us accept thirty thousand dollars, partly in view of our fidelity in taking care of nearly half a million for him, but more in view of the four thousand of which our father had been wronged.

"We took the money, and we now own two fine ships. That was one of them we visited this afternoon, and my brother has the other one somewhere between here and the Indian Ocean. That is my story, and I will say once more, that, however it may strike you, it has a thrilling interest for me."

And who could doubt him? None then present did, at all events.

JAPANESE MUSIC.

Some of the Japanese have already made pretty good progress in the English language, and most of the shop-keepers are able to tell the prices of the articles in English. Many of us entered houses very frequently, and sat down with the people to smoke or drink tea. One day the sound of a guitar attracted me, and I found an olive girl, of some fifteen years of age, that, not perceiving my presence, continued her play. It was a strange tune, wild and melancholy, and often abruptly interrupted by harsh accords. After a while, some women that had assembled around us made the girl aware of my presence; she threw down her instrument and began to cry, and I could not induce her to play again. The guitar was made of wood, with the exception of the upper lid. Of the three strings, two were in the octave, the middle one giving the fifth. The strings were not touched by the fingers, but with a flat piece of horn, held between the thumb and third finger of the right hand, in shape not unlike the one painters use to clean their palettes and mix their colors. On another occasion I heard a young man playing a flute. This instrument was of the most primitive description, consisting of a piece of hollow bamboo, bored with seven finger holes, and the hole for the mouth. The tunes were very strange, and appeared to me more like a mass of confused sound than a regular harmony. At the beginning of the new moon, I saw in several of the houses a sort of domestic worship. A number of women had assembled before the shrine of the household god, and divided into two parties, were singing hymns, one part alternately answering the other. Their song was accompanied by strokes upon a little bell or gong with a small wooden hammer, and as the bells were of different tones, the effect was by no means unpleasant. Thus far, however, my knowledge of Japanese music has an end.—*New York Tribune.*

A DWARF RACE OF MEN.

The Newport Mercury gives the following: "There is a singular race of dwarfs in Upper Peru (Bolivia), known as 'Chiquitos' or 'little men,' that are as worthy of attention as the Aztecs. Everything connected with them seems to indicate that they are indigenous, though their general aspect gives the impression of a people reduced in stature by poverty and hardship. The tallest are not more than four and a half feet in height, while many will not measure more than three and a half. Their legs, apparently, are devoid of muscles, their eyes black and elongated, nose equiline, cheeks drawn in, with high cheek bones, forehead low and retreating, hair black and wiry, and mouth tending to muzzle. They travel slowly, on foot, and are often absent from home two or three years, returning with small hoards of silver gained in traffic; travelling about five or six miles a day. From long habit, they can do without food an extraordinary length of time, supporting nature by sucking cocoa-leaf, gathered from a shrub-tree, analogous to the betel nut of the East Indies. It is equivalent to tobacco, laudanum, or strong infusion of tea; and it is only when their animals die of disease that they have a plentiful supply of food. Their covering is a coarse kind of cloth, which they prepare themselves, their abodes are rude huts, and when travelling they sleep on the ground, huddled together, to keep warm on the dry cold desert where they are principally found."

THE RUSSIAN VIEW.

The St. Petersburg Court Journal says: Russia raised her voice in the political world entirely in a religious, moral and philanthropic sense, when she reminded the Porte of earlier treaties, whereby the latter was bound to protect the Christian population of the Turkish empire, and especially those of the orthodox profession of faith. Nevertheless, Turkey acted in violation of all treaties purchased with Russian blood, and in its breach of faith oppressed all orthodox Christians. Conscience and sound reason indured rational men throughout Europe to believe that all European Christian States would support the disinterested demands of Russia. But the reverse was the case. The party which thirst for the destructive overthrow of Europe has excited the war against Russia, under the pretext that European civilization is menaced. This is nothing more nor less than pitiful and ridiculous. The protectorate over Christians in the East has been thrown in by Russia's enemies as dangerous to European civilization. Such indecency could scarcely have been hazarded in a theatrical farce, and yet it has found an echo in the political world. And England, it is added, stands at the head of this base conspiracy; and its journals, copied by those of France and Germany, are the trumpets of these and other venomous calumnies.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SNOW.

BY JOHN B. PIKE.

Cold winter has come, but exultingly cry,
For the north wind has gathered the snow clouds on high;
The white winged flakes are beginning to fall,
And will soon robe the earth in a glittering pall.
See the sheets of white snow, how they ride on the blast,
As it blows them and whirls them, but leaves them at last;
Now thicker, now faster, they are falling around,
And pack themselves close on the cold frozen ground.

Every hill, every vale is now mantled in white,
While all Nature is sparkling with fresh crystals bright;
The tall, leafless trees bow their heads to the storm,
On whose wide spreading branches the white snow drifts form.

Every chimney top bears a white winter cap,
And looks like some giant just waked from a nap.
The snow on the roof seems a soft, downy bed,
Upon which this tall monster had pillowed his head.

Lock now, the black clouds break away from the sky,
And the silver moon shines from its pathway on high;
The bright, twinkling stars beam out one by one,
To illumine the work that the snow clouds have done.
Now the light, graceful sleighs, see them glide o'er the snow—
The merry bells jingling as they dash to and fro;
And our steed, as he catches the mirthful sound,
Seems to join in the sport, and is off with a bound.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BURNING FOREST.

BY J. GRAFTON ALLEN.

TOWARDS the close of a hot day in summer, two persons rode through the woods in the northern part of New Brunswick. The road was rude and rutty, seeming little better than an ordinary cattle path, and by its many windings among the trees, or sinuous curvings around hills, afforded a great variety of scenes. Now it ran for a long distance by the side of a broad river, and the water rippled lazily upon its edge. Again it plunged far into the depths of the forest, where the trees rising gradually up on either side, enveloped the scenes around in an impenetrable shade. It lay on that part of the province where the river Miramichi rolls its deep flood onward to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Here everything around spoke of nature's own repose, undisturbed by the presence of man. Lofty pines reared their branching arms toward heaven, and held one another in a close embrace. At their bases a thousand soft mounds arose, whose mossy coverings presented a soft and pleasant couch on which the weary traveller might repose. The wild duck swam in the river, troops of squirrels raced after each other in the forest, and above, a thousand songs were sung by the countless forest birds which clustered on every tree. It was a scene of loveliness which cannot be described.

The two travellers rode onward looking at the scene. One appeared to be a settler by his sinewy form and homespun clothes. The other was a stranger, and by his little blunders, appeared entirely unaccustomed to a new country. He was dressed in a careless yet tasteful manner, and rode his horse with grace and spirit.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, as he arrived at the summit of a hill. "By Jove, what a sight! Who would have expected such a scene in an unknown country like this?"

"Ah, sir," said his companion, "the squire has as much money as he can manage. He can put it all on his land, and make a splendid looking place."

"And is that Mr. Morton's?"

"Yes, sir."

The two remained upon the summit of the hill gazing in silence at the scene before them. It was one upon which the coldest and most inexcitable spirit could not gaze without admiration. The river rolled slowly on with many windings through the wooded vale, until it reached the place, where, after passing through a sublime chasm which some disruption caused by nature appeared to have formed, it expanded into a broad and beautiful sheet of blue water, whose gleaming surface was dotted by islands which from their lovely appearance and romantic situation might well have been the abode of sylphs or fairies, or whatever beautiful beings the imagination of man has endowed with life. Upon all this beauty the sun shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and with an intensity of heat which was most oppressive—for the air was calm, and not a wave rippled on the water, not a leaf stirred in the forest—stillness and calmness ruled supreme.

"It's most abominably hot!" cried the stranger, at length, seating himself under a tree, and wiping the heavy drops of perspiration from his brow. "I will sit here and look down upon the scene with more comfort, for when one is suffocating, emotions of the beautiful are out of the question."

His companion did not say a word.

"Whose house is that?" asked the stranger, at length, pointing to a white mansion, which shone among a clustering grove of forest trees.

"It belongs to the squire."

"And that is Mr. Morton's? I believe you told me so before," said the stranger. "Nice place that."

It was a two story house, and lay about a mile away from the river. Beyond it were extensive meadows and fields of wheat, orchards, and groves of shadowy trees. In pasture lands around, herds of cattle were assembled under the pleasant shade of thickly planted groves.

"It's a splendid place!" cried the stranger, again.

"Too many trees," laconically replied his companion.

"Trees, man? Would you have these good people suffocate? In this climate I do not know what they would do without them. By Jove! it's the most insufferably hot and inexpressibly close and—hah! it's a bore to speak. It's too hot!" So saying, he reclined lazily upon the mound.

"Hot! You say right," said the countryman. "Do you see that smoke?" said he, pointing to the horizon.

"Yes. What of it?"

"The whole forest over there is burning."

"The dickens it is!"

"And I advise you to warn the squire's people. I tell you, it's dangerous. They've too many trees around. You better tell them now."

"O, yes, I'll do so," said he, carelessly.

"And now, sir, I will go. If you want me to carry any message to the settlements, I will, as I'm going there to-morrow."

"No, I have none; but my good man—ah—ahem."

The stranger rose, hesitated, and absolutely looked foolish.

"Ah, I understand you, sir," said the countryman, seeing his companion place his hand to his pocket, and fumble there. "You don't know our ways, sir. We would not take pay for services like this. It is only a duty to be of use to strangers, and we don't do our duty for money."

"You will take my warmest thanks, then," cried the stranger, extending his hand, "and my best wishes for your happiness. Good-by."

"Good-by," said the countryman, and turning he was soon lost to view.

"Well," at last said the stranger, with a sigh, "I must go, I suppose, especially as it's getting late. I wonder if this old tory uncle of mine will entertain any harsh feelings towards me? It will be seen. Meanwhile, I must get ready to go."

Springing into the saddle of his horse, he appeared suddenly to lose his indolence. The hoofs of his horse rang against the stones of the rough road as he galloped swiftly along. After a short ride he entered the gate of Mr. Morton's yard, and became hidden among the surrounding trees and shrubbery. By this time the shadows of evening were swiftly gathering along the horizon, occasional flashes of light rose from the ebon clouds, and a greater oppressiveness in the atmosphere weighed down upon all things and filled the scene with a terrific calmness.

Mr. Morton was seated in his library together with his daughter Kate, as the stranger rode into the yard. He was a fine-looking gentleman of about sixty years of age. He was sitting by the open door, with his head reclining lazily upon the back of his arm-chair. Kate sat by the window fanning herself, and occasionally looking out of the window.

"The air is fearfully close," she exclaimed, at length.

"Horribly so," cried Mr. Morton. "I never have known it to be so before."

"The thermometer is at 109, as I live!" cried Kate, in amazement. "Awful! I can scarcely breathe."

"What horse is that?" said Mr. Morton, after a pause, as the sound of the stranger's advancing horse met his ears.

"It is a stranger," cried Kate, looking out.

"A stranger, what sort of a person?"

"A gentleman. Who can he be? He looks like the picture of your father when he was young."

"Like my father. 'Tis your fancy," said the old gentleman, advancing cautiously to the window. "And yet. Good Heavens!" he cried, pausing in astonishment, as he saw the stranger. "That man, Kate, is like my older brother brought back to life and youth. What an amazing resemblance!"

The conversation was cut short by a loud knock at the door. In a few minutes the servant who had answered it entered the room, followed by the stranger.

"Mr. Edgar Morton."

"What!" cried the old gentleman, in amazement and with something like a recoil of superstitious horror. "Mr. Edgar Morton? Is it my brother brought back to life to seek a reconciliation? Is it—"

"No, sir," said the young stranger, advancing towards Mr. Morton, and speaking in accents of deep emotion. "'Tis not your brother, but one in whom your brother lives again, who stands before you. Can you forget all past bitterness? Can you bury all hostile political feelings in the grave of forgetfulness, and with kindly feelings toward the dead, be reconciled to his son—"

"His son!" cried Mr. Morton, while Kate, who during the words of conversation had risen from her seat, now involuntarily advanced toward the door, and paused by the side of the wall.

"His son, yes," said Edgar Morton; "I am his only child. I am the only one who is left, and I have come from Virginia all the way to this northern land, to find out my father's brother, and seek a reconciliation. Sir, do not let the bitterness of former times—"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Morton, interrupting him. "Edgar, my brother's boy, you will be as dear to me as ever that brother was. Though we were separated by that fierce hatred which your rebellion produced between men of different parties, yet I cannot forget my brother, the companion of my youthful days. But let me make you acquainted with your relations. Here, Edgar, my boy, is your cousin Kate, my only daughter. She will be as glad to enable you to forget all past difference as her father now is."

The beautiful girl advanced, and Edgar took her hand in his friendly grasp. It was an affecting and a solemn scene to gaze upon this reconciliation. Here, after long years had passed away, in a new land and under a new sky, the wound of political hatred was healed, and the wanderer from a distant shore had found a home.

"Ha!—" Mr. Morton suddenly started with an exclamation of amazement, and ran to the window.

"What is the matter!" cried Kate.

It was now not more than six o'clock, but it was quite dark, and the blue sky of heaven was completely hidden by a vast canopy of rolling clouds, whose black color and thick voluminous folds were terrible to behold. Behind them in the west, the sun was fiery red, and glowed with preternatural heat. The air was more oppressive than ever, and a fine powder, a kind of impalpable dust, seemed floating in every part.

"I cannot tell how this will end."

"What is it?" cried Edgar. "What is it that gives me such a terrible feeling of languor? It oppresses me, and fills my lungs with stifling sensations."

"The woods are on fire!"

"The woods on fire! So my guide told me, and he told me to warn you of coming danger."

"There is no danger to us."

"Those were his words. But how awful is the air and the scene all around us. How horrible is this feeling which oppresses us continually, and bursts upon us in the midst of enjoyment."

"We can only sit down and patiently endure it."

They sat languidly down and endeavored to converse. For some hours they found enough to talk of in the history of Mr. Morton's past life. It was as follows:

At the time of the outbreak of the American Revolution, he, with his brother, was living on their plantations in Virginia. He became a violent tory, and his brother became an equally violent whig. The fierce and unrelenting hatred which sprang up in the breasts of each, was the natural result of their violent tempers. It separated them forever. One brother left all his property behind him, and came with those sons who were called "Loyalists" to the British province of New Brunswick, where the government gave them large grants of land. The other brother remained behind and fought for his country. After the war was over, he sent to his tory brother the value in money of all the property which had been left behind. This was the last of their intercommunication. For many years neither had heard of the other, except when the refugee heard of the death of his brother, and received his last words containing a message of affection. Two years had passed since then, and Edgar's visit was now the final reconciliation. The hours passed away while they conversed. At first their attention was wholly taken up in one another, and the awful appearance of things without received only a momentary notice.

"O, this is awful! horrible! terrible!" at length cried Edgar, rising abruptly, and going to the window for air. Mr. Morton said not a word, but looked anxiously out. A low, deep moan rang in the ears of all. A hushed sound like the scarce audible roaring of some distant cataract, and deepening in tone and increasing in its intensity, it seemed to herald the approach of some dreadful calamity.

A wild cry came from the out-buildings.

"What is that?" cried Mr. Morton, springing out.

"O, sir! The day of judgment!"

All turned pale. For a time one appalling thought flashed unbidden through the soul of each, and the pallid face and involuntary start bore witness to their horror.

"What means that awful glow?" cried Edgar. "The sky is turning red hot, I believe."

And truly it seemed as though that wild idea were being quickly realized. High hills rose up toward the west where they were gazing, and encircled the house, shutting out the horizon. From behind them the sky shone out lurid, glowing with a horrible red lustre like the light of heated brass. It seemed growing redder and redder, while it shone from afar, revealing the black folds of smoke which unceasingly rolled up within it.

Not a word was spoken as they gazed.

The light of that dreadful scene grew clearer and brighter. It flashed along the horizon and seemed approaching from different points to a place of fearful meeting. Those awful lights—they flashed, and waned, and grew dull, only to burst forth again with more horrible radiance. They were like the Aurora Borealis increased a thousand fold in vividness, and endowed with elements of unspeakable horror. The dull moan which had been sounding a horrible warning of coming destruction still continued to increase. It was like the roar which bursts forth from that awful maelstrom where an ocean whirls itself downward through an unfathomable abyss—down—to those unseen horrors of desolation which are found in the mysterious recesses of the earth.

"It has been coming on us for days, but O, heavens, who expected a scene like this? Were the whole world on fire it could not be more terrible."

"Ha, look!" and Edgar almost shrieked as he spoke.

O, Heavens, what a scene! At once from ten thousand points on the summits of those encircling hills, a countless number of wrathful flames leaped forth, and with their forked tongues of flame they licked the sky, they hissed and seethed in their awful motions, they struggled and fought like an army of fiends fresh from the horrors of Pandemonium.

"We are lost! Fly! fly!" cried Mr. Morton, in an agony of fear.

"Lost! Lost! Lost!"

Wildly, madly rose the cry into the heavens! wildly from those who thronged the yard before the house and gazed with earnest eyes and horror struck faces upon the terrific scene. "Lost!" That despouding cry escaped from hundreds of human beings, who died in that dreadful convulsion. It was heard in the shrieks of men flying for their lives, in the frantic cries of thousands of beasts and birds, as the overwhelming sea of flame rolled over them in fury. It was heard in the hissing of boiling waves as lakes and rivers were dried up in their beds, and rang out in the crash of myriads of trees as they fell blazing and burning to the ground.

"Fly!" The old man's lips gave the signal. Kate heard no more. The horrors of the scene had overcome her, she fell fainting. Edgar caught her in his strong arms, and raised her from the floor.

"To the river! To the river!" cried Mr. Morton. "Fly, Edgar! For the waves of fire roll upon us, and the fastest race horse could not escape them. Seize the boat and escape to the islands. Fly!"

"But you, sir!"

"Save my daughter. I will take care of myself."

Swift as the wind, Edgar sprang from the window to the ground. He flew across the lawn and took the road which led toward the river. Then Mr. Morton, deserted by all his panic-stricken servants, loosed all his cattle, and seizing his most valuable papers fled after the others. A mile of space separated them from the river. The advancing flames rolled on, and running from tree to tree, flashed all around the fugitives. The whole heaven glowed in fire.

On, on swiftly, or all is lost. On, Edgar, now is the time to put forth the strength that should dwell in those sinewy limbs of thine, now when flame and fire rolling on all around thee seek to envelop and overwhelm thee in their horrible power.

What a scene was there! The flames leaped from tree to tree, and danced along their summits with speed with which none might vie. Down with appalling crashes fell the loftiest trees, and sent up a shower of sparks to the air. Rocks crackled and burst with the heat, the earth trembled as the mighty masses torn from cliffs fell downward, crashing, to the ground. Birds in frenzied terror flew wildly onward overhead, seeking some outlet from the encircling flame, and screaming in mortal terror. Wild beasts driven from their haunts, caribous and moose and smaller animals, of many kinds, cattle from devastated farms, horses from distant pastures; all kinds of animals maddened by the horrors of the scene, rushed headlong into the flame.

Onward, onward ran Edgar, bearing his precious burden, onward toward the river. The flames rolled on behind him, on either side they raced with him. But a few minutes separated him from the water. Yet those minutes seemed like ages. He heard the roar of his pursuing foe, he heard shrieks of pain and agony. He heard wild cries. O, God, human cries rang out among them. He dared not look around, lest some scene of unspeakable horror should rout him to the spot and seal his doom.

On, yet a little space more, and he reaches the shore. There beneath him lies the river. He springs down the bank. He reaches the boat. Thank God, he is safe!

Springing into the boat, Edgar placed his lifeless burden at the bottom, and drawing his knife cut the rope. Then holding the oar ready to push away, he looked back for his companions. The high bank prevented him from seeing any distance.

"Haste. Here I am. Halloo!"

He shouted in his loudest tones. He screamed in a frenzy of fear and anxiety. No voice answered his call.

Springing from the boat in an agony of speechless terror he leaped up the bank. Three bounds, and he stood upon the summit. O, sight of nameless horror. O, scene of deathless remembrance. Edgar took one glance and fled, shrieking and wringing his hands, backward to the boat.

Fire—awful fire. Omnipotent fire ruled everywhere—everywhere. The flames rolled over the whole country. The path over which he had just now passed was glowing with fire. The very edge of the cliff from which he had recoiled with horror, was now blazing in its crest of flame.

Not a moment was to be lost. Seizing the oar he pushed the boat away from that shore whose heat was almost unendurable. Yielding to his sturdy strokes, the boat shot onward toward the islands which dotted the centre of the stream. If he had hopes of the escape of one of his friends all were now lost, for all that bank of the river was covered with rolling flame. He rowed onward, and ground his teeth to keep down those feelings which rushed through him, and almost unmanned him.

He reached a little island which lay in the very centre of the river. A mile separated him from either shore. He at least was safe, and he had saved his cousin Kate. Kate! The thought of her recalled his wandering mind.

He lifted her from the boat, and bore her to the land, he sprinkled water over her face, and chafed her temples and rubbed her hands. She opened her eyes at length, and opened them upon a scene of dreadful horrors.

Glancing for a moment around, she saw the river, the boat, the island; and her mind with an electric flash of intelligence, took in all the horrors of her situation. A low groan of anguish escaped her, she pressed her hand to her throbbing brow and looked at her companion, but feared to speak—shudderingly she turned away.

But all was equally terrible. There was no turning away from these awful scenes. The other side of the river was blazing also in the same conflagration. There now seemed a barrier which fire could not cross; there indeed, they did not cross, but many miles farther up the narrow stream appeared little resistance to the progress of those flames which reached across.

The sky was filled with innumerable sparks; huge beams and trunks of trees were borne onward in the rolling stream of hot air. They fell in clouds and covered everything. Without a word, Edgar led his companion to a small summer-house in the centre of the island, and there they gazed in silence.

And now the wind which had begun to blow a few hours since in occasional gusts, began by lending its power to the flames, to add new horrors to the scene. Now it gathered together the unseen clouds which hung above those more terrible ones of smoke and flame, and howled amid the burning forests.

It came booming along with awful violence, and burst forth in irresistible fury. Suddenly amid the deep and fearful roar of ascending flames, and the indescribable sound of myriads of burning trees, unannounced by lightning—for lightning amid the blaze of that fire was all unnoticed, burst a sudden crash of thunder from heaven. From the whole sky, peal after peal, it came roaring forth, and re-echoed among the trembling rocks and hills with interminable reverberations. Then louder and louder, urged on by the hurricane, rose the roar of the fires—quicker and sharper the incessant crashes of falling trees. Brighter burned the awful flames, lighting up all heaven and all earth in its terrible radiance. The long pinnacles of flame from ten thousand burning trees united in a mass of lustrous light which rivalled the brightness of the sun. Blasting, withering and destroying, the flames rolled on. Then came a louder peal of thunder, and a more dreadful blast of wind. The river all lashed to foam roared along in its channel, and at once a grand mass of flame rose far up into the lurid sky, from two thousand square miles of land, over which the destroying hand of that fiery visitation had passed in all its irresistible fury. The thick and impenetrable columns of ebon smoke, torn by wind and lightning, and glowing with myriad sparks, hung darkly far overhead, like some horrible bird of prey brooding over the universal waste of fire and flame.

Edgar had fallen to the ground, overcome by the horrors of the scene. Lifeless and senseless, he lay without voice or motion, hearing not the awful moan which the wind sounded as a requiem, seeing not the horrible destruction of nature over which it mourned. At last nature asserted her supremacy, and after a few struggles he arose to look around him.

Arose—O, God—what a scene met his astonished gaze. For as the eye could reach, on one side, stretched away the blackened forest, blasted, withered, desolated by flame, wind and lightning. Still in the dimness of the dawn, and amid that Cimmerian darkness which the black smoke clouds shed around, he saw the tall forms of trees, red and glowing, standing yet upright where all else had been laid low, looking forth terribly, luridly. A dull red glow shone around from the earth where the trees lay smouldering. The air was filled with smoke, which entered the eyes to blind, and the lungs to suffocate. The wind had all died away. A horrible calmness oppressed the lone gazer as he stood viewing the desolation around.

"O, God!" he cried, "what can be more terrible than this?" A deep moan from behind him aroused him. Turning, he beheld Kate standing pale as marble, with a countenance whose expression was one of agonizing and mournful despair.

"Kate," he said, in a voice scarce audible from emotion. "Alas, that the meeting begun in so much happiness should be so horribly repeated. Kate, you are alone in the world!"

She spoke not a word.

"I dare not ask you to cheer up. But I implore you to endeavor to preserve your courage under these awful circumstances. I think I can rely on your high spirit, Kate. All is death and ruin here. We must escape down the river. What places are there around here to which we can go?"

"There are several towns, but O, God!" she cried in despair, "what place has this terrible fire spared! Shediac or towns far away may be safe, but Newport and Duncan and all nearer towns are destroyed. Trees encircle them and they are lost."

"Are there islands around?"

"Prince Edward's Island. Ah. That is the place. Charlotte town is the nearest place of refuge. But it is a hundred and fifty miles from this coast, and two hundred miles from where we now are."

"We must fly then. All must be left behind. All alas! there is nothing to carry away."

"O, my father!" In an agony of uncontrollable sorrow Kate burst into tears, and departed to weep in secret.

Edgar, preserving his lofty resolution never more to yield to circumstances, went to the boat to examine their means of escape. Fortunately there was a little locker in the stern, which had been filled in expectation of a pleasure party on the morrow. This he hastily broke open, and found provision enough to last several days, if well taken care of.

He could find no sail, so he boldly determined to risk the voyage with oars. At any rate oars would suffice in such a calm as this, and on the swift river, till he arrived at its mouth. The current would help him greatly.

"I will wait no longer then," he said. "I must now seek my trembling fellow-voyager, and bring her to a place of safety." He found Kate seated on a rock fronting the place where lay the plantations of her father.

Gently he raised her from her seat, and supporting her with his manly arm, he led her to the boat. Pushing from the shore, they floated down the river. Edgar shuddered as he passed the floating bodies of beasts drowned by hundreds in their frantic struggles to escape.

It needed the most careful management to guide the frail boat among the enormous masses of floating trees and remnants of the fire, while the heat from the burning shores was intense. After some hours they came to a point where the great southern branch yields its tribute to the river. Suddenly Kate started back and placed her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out some horrible sight. Edgar turned with awful fears, his own heart filled with sickening horror. Before them human bodies, burnt and disfigured, floated down the stream. Flying from the approaching fires, and madly leaping into the river, they had been overwhelmed by its remorseless waters.

The sight of a boat coming toward them roused the voyagers. Crowds of ruined settlers thronged the decks. Questions and answers were exchanged.

"Where are all the settlers?" said Edgar.

"Burned! Burned!" cried the voices of hundreds of people.

"What! All?"

"No. Not all; many are here. Where are you going?"

"Away—anywhere. Do you know of any ship for the States?"

"Yes, yonder schooner leaves to-night."

Edgar found a schooner a little way ahead, and embarked with Kate for Boston. The scene of horror was soon left behind. The schooner arrived at Boston in a few days, and her people spread far and wide over the whole Union the awful tidings of the fire of Miramichi.

Time at length restored the bloom to the cheek and happiness to the heart of Kate, and whenever a bitter thought of the past came to bring misery, it was banished by the kind and loving voice of Edgar, who lived only to make her happy.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

, All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The White Hind of Wiesbaden," a tale by AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.
"The Two Husbands," a life-picture, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
"The Husband that wasn't perfect," a story by Mrs. N. T. MUNROE.
"Ghetto, the Child of the Campagna," a tale by GEORGE D. BARTON.
"The Two Visions," a poem by M. HELEN LUCY.
"The Snow-Shoes," lines by H. GEORGE ENSIGN.
"The Stars," verses by LIZZIE LINCOLN.
"Album Tribute," by Mrs. FANNY E. HARDUCK.
"Hope," stanzas, by P. E. HANDSIDE.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"Uncle Pill's Scheme," "The Creation," "Disappointed," "To a Dream," "Illusion," "What is Life?" "The Vision," "The Moonlit Sea," "To Kate," "The Neglected Scholar," "Byron," and "The Magdalen."

IMPENETRABLE PEOPLE.

Coleridge tells of a man whom he indulged at a dinner-table with one of his brilliant table-talks on metaphysics, poetry, religion, and ethics, and who appeared, by his intelligent countenance and respectful attention, to appreciate every word the poet-lecturer was uttering, until a dish of mealy potatoes appeared upon the board, when the mask was removed, by his suddenly exclaiming, "Them's the jockeys for me!" A high-souled idea could no more penetrate the brain of such a man, than a musket ball could go through a stone wall. There are men who are vulnerable to some weapons and proof against others, men who are open to a moral spothegm and impregnable to a flash of wit. Of Mrs. Ellis, the authoress of "Mothers of England," "Daughters of England," "Wives of England," and all sorts of feminines of England, but who could see no fun in the humorous refrain of Halleck's verses, commencing with

> "Young thoughts have music in them, love,
> And happiness their theme."

Clark, of the Knickerbocker, once remarked, "that she was one of those persons who couldn't take a joke if it was shot at her out of a gun." And apropos of impenetrability and shooting jokes out of guns, the very last number of "Old Knick" has the following:

'Is it not a positive fact that there *are* some people who have no idea of a sublime thought, or noble expression, or the slightest perception of humor? Of the latter class was the man who asked, in reply to a remark, that "he wouldn't take a joke, if it were shot from a cannon," "How *can* you shoot a joke out of a cannon? *I* should say that *that* was wholly impossible!" And a remarkable example of the former was a kindred personage, who was heard recently to say, in relation to the sublime exclamation of a departed American statesman, "That was a good thing old Webster got off, just before he died, wasn't it?" "What was *that?*" asked a by-stander. "Why, just before he give up, he kinder woke, as if he had been asleep, and says he, '*I aint dead yet!*' It was first-rate, and made a good deal of talk!" Wasn't *there* a genius?

We have "overhauled and made a note on" (as "Cap'n Ed'ard Cuttle" would say) something which we think matches the last mentioned anecdote. One of our American orators was delivering a patriotic oration on a national anniversary, when there were several veterans of the revolution present among the auditors. When he had occasion to speak of their services they arose, deeming it proper to assume a standing attitude when alluded to. This movement was felicitously handled by the speaker. "Sit, venerable men," said he, "*we* ought rather to stand in *your* presence to do you honor."

One of the "impenetrables" who was present, thus described the incident to a friend, who had been "disappinted" of getting into the "meet-in'-us" at the celebration.

"You'd orter er heard how the orator er the day rubbed down them old codgers that sot in the broad oil. When he was tellin' about Lexington and Concord, they rir up and looked like they wanted to stick their ears in and set him right, about the pertiklers. But they couldn't get ahead of him, I tell you. 'Set deoun!' sez he, in a v'ice of thunder, 'I come here to do the talkin'!' And he shut 'em right up."

What an invaluable reporter he would have made. Perhaps it was one of this kind of chaps whom David Crockett encountered out West, after he had been making one of his stump speeches.

"Mr. Crockett," said the man, "I'm going to report your speech for the Live Eagle of Freedom!"

"No you aint!" said the colonel, shaking his fist at him,—"don't you dare to touch her, sir! She ar above your comprehension."

A PROBLEM FOR JOHN BULL.—In an article replying to certain menaces of British hostility addressed to this country, a writer in the N. Y. Despatch, asks:—"If it requires *seven years to (not)* subdue 3,000,000 of people, how long a period will be necessary to conquer and chastise the same people increased to 26,000,000." The answer, we suppose, is, a *little* while longer than it will take to reduce Sebastopol.

IDA MAY.—The Evening Gazette understands that the authoress of the new work, entitled "Ida May," which has created of late so much stir in the literary world, is Mrs. Mary Green Pike, of Calais, Me.

CURE FOR HOARSENESS.—In Europe they fine and imprison a singer when his "sudden indisposition" disappoints an audience.

AXIOM.—He that earns an estate will keep it longer than he who finds it.

[From the "Literary Museum."]

VALEDICTORY NOTICE.

With the present number of the Museum, we bid an affectionate farewell, editorially, to our thousands of readers. Our pleasant Museum family has been gradually increasing during the past six years, until it now numbers so many thousands that we cannot enter a single town throughout the broad extent of our Union, without meeting with one or more of them. It is therefore with some reluctance that we bow ourselves out of the chair editorial; but imperative business elsewhere, requires our absence from the city during the most of the coming year, and renders this arrangement necessary.

We have been offered, for the entire Museum establishment, good will, and right and title of the same, by M. M. BALLOU, editor and proprietor of the Flag of our Union, and Ballou's Pictorial (late Gleason's), a sum which we consider a fair and handsome price for the same, and have sold it to him, accordingly, outright. This, we beg leave to add, is done in good faith, and with a cordial wish that our readers and friends will continue to patronize the new paper which will be sent to them in future, in place of the Museum, and to which we shall occasionally contribute over our old signature of "Quails."

We need hardly say a single word in commendation of the new visitor which will be sent to our subscribers next week. The Flag of our Union, with which the Museum is now to be united, is the oldest and best established of the miscellaneous weekly papers of Boston, being in its TENTH YEAR, and enjoying at the present moment, a circulation unequalled by any paper of its class in the country. It is edited, published, and owned by M. M. BALLOU, who issued its first number as editor, more than nine years ago, and who is known as a ripe scholar, a pleasant and popular writer, and in all respects an honorable business man.

With these explanatory remarks, we transfer, by these presents, all right and title of the Literary Museum to M. M. BALLOU, as above. It will be observed that our paper for the present week is largely taken up with a brilliant original novelette from the columns of The Flag of our Union, in which paper our readers will find it continued next week. All letters and subscriptions, therefore, from this date, intended for the Museum, should be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, publisher of The Flag of our Union.

The Flag will be sent to those subscribers who have paid in advance for the Museum, up to the expiration of the period for which they have paid; but as the terms of Mr. BALLOU's paper are, and always have been, strictly cash in advance, one number only of The Flag will be sent to those who have not paid their advance subscription to the Museum, that they may be enabled to remit for The Flag, and continue in its regular weekly receipt.

All letters of a private character, intended for our eye alone, should with the rest be sent to Mr. BALLOU's care, at the office of The Flag of our Union, but should be endorsed "PRIVATE," and will then be forwarded to us direct. Once more we heartily recommend the paper into which the Museum is now merged, and wish our patrons, one and all, a cheerful farewell.

O. E. DODGE.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

It will be observed by the above article, which we copy from last week's Literary Museum, that we have purchased all right and title of that establishment from MR. OSSIAN E. DODGE, its late editor and proprietor. We send the present number of our paper to all the subscribers of the Museum, and earnestly invite them to enter our list as regular weekly recipients of the Flag of our Union. To all persons who have paid for the Museum, in advance, we shall send our paper until their subscription time expires, and to all others, we send the present number, hoping that they may like us well enough to forward their names and subscriptions to this office. It shall be our earnest endeavor to please them, and to serve them faithfully.

M. M. BALLOU.

BRIGHT.

A correspondent of the London Daily News, noticing the fact that the Russians in Sebastopol are enabled to repair damages caused by the allies' guns under cover of the darkness, says, "that by means of a simple lantern reflector and tube, a jet of light could be thrown on any spot of the enemy's works, keeping our position in complete darkness, and by the same means that the damage is done could its repair be prevented."

Did it never occur to this sapient gentleman that this same lantern would afford an excellent mark for the Russian artillery? How long would it be before it would be knocked into a cocked hat? The English never seem to calculate what the other side can do when compelled by emergency.

"STEEL AND GOLD."—The exceedingly interesting novelette, thus entitled, by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Esq., now publishing in the columns of Ballou's Pictorial, is creating a decided sensation. It is gracefully and elegantly written, and of the most absorbing interest. Mr. Durivage has few equals as a novelist, in this country.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—It is stated that the bill for 1854, of a lady of this city, at the lace and embroidery store, was $2000, and of several ladies at the chief dry goods stores of the city, between five and six thousand each.

HENPECKED HUSBANDS.—It only aggravates their sufferings to tell them not to stand it. Jerry Sneak broke down when urged to rebellion by brother Brain.

TURKISH ETIQUETTE.—To inquire after the wife—or wives of a Turkish gentleman is a deadly insult. You are required to ignore their existence.

LOSS BY FIRE.—During the year 1854, the loss by fire in this city, was $219,000. In 1852, it was $727,783.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The Malay pirates are troubling trade in the China Sea. Show them boarding pikes.

The Soup House in the Public Garden is prepared to deliver one hundred gallons a day.

Lewis Josselyn, publisher of the Lynn Bay State, has started the Lynn Daily.

If the season continues as mild as it has been the ice crop will be nowhere.

It is said that bamboo shavings make very capital paper. What shall we have next?

Nature teaches us to live, but wisdom teaches us to live contented.

During the past year Father Streeter has celebrated one hundred and ninety-six marriages.

A movement is on foot to take the tolls off the Charlestown bridges.

Fanny Kemble purposes resuming her residence at Stockbridge, Mass., for a permanency.

Mrs. Depau, daughter of Admiral Count de Grasse, died lately in New York.

The Indians in New Mexico are getting very troublesome. Give them a few bullets.

A widower in England offers to marry the widow of any soldier slain at Alma.

It is said that an unpublished romance of Scott has been found at Paris. Humbug!

Two eagles were shot at Saugus both young, though one was gray, the other bald.

President Pierce told the veterans of 1812, the White House was theirs—he only the tenant.

The Illinois Central Railroad, 731 miles long, is the longest in the world.

Prosperity is not without its troubles, nor is adversity without its comforts.

At Shelburne they raise cattle weighing 4570 pounds to the pair. Mr. Fiske does it.

Miss Cummings's Lamplighter is favorably noticed in a late No. of the Revue de Deux Mondes.

There were fifty-three Sundays last year. The same number occurs in 1865.

Madame Clesinger, daughter of George Sand, has renounced her mother's desistical opinions.

If you can live free from want, care for no more; for the rest is but vanity.

SOMETHING NEW.

We are getting up and shall issue early in February, a beautiful Valentine Supplement to the PICTORIAL, to be dated on St. Valentine's Day—February 14th. It will be *entirely distinct* from the PICTORIAL, complete in itself, filled with original engravings, large and effective, forming an appropriate Valentine to send to either sex. The reading matter will be entirely original, and relate to the history of this pleasant holiday, and give its ancient and modern story. It will also contain a variety of original poetic valentines. It will be for sale at all of the periodical depots through the country for *five cents.* Any person enclosing five cents, post paid, will receive a copy by mail. *It will not be sent to any one gratis.* Twenty-five copies sent by mail, on the receipt of one *dollar.*

SECRET OF NEWSPAPER SUCCESS.

No paper can possibly succeed with runs counter to the popular tastes and feelings. If you want to teach the public, you must be rich to pay all the expenses of publication, and then, if it sees you are independent, it may purchase. The London Leader says, that the object of men in buying a newspaper, is to enjoy the statement of their own inarticulate notions in the shape of artistical development and expression. A reader never so thoroughly enjoys a paper as when he can say, "that is exactly what I have said myself;" and he always tries to buy that paper which can give to his own opinions an air of the greatest point and wisdom.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—After-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-Heaven Clapp was the veritable name of a worthy Yankee of Puritan descent. Putnam tells a good story of Bishop Chase, of Illinois, who had a great aversion to classical names. About to baptize a child, he asked the father a name. On receiving for answer, Marcus Tullius Cicero, "Pooh! pooh!" said the bishop, "none of that nonsense. I baptize this child Peter," etc.—and Peter he accordingly was. "Phansy the feelinks!" of the afflicted father, who had selected the name after a day's study of the classical dictionary.

THEATRICALS.—J. A. J. Neafie has opened the American Theatre at San Francisco under flattering auspices. Julia Pelby, Wheatly, Thoman, Old Spear, the Montplaisirs, and other people well known to Bostonians, are there. Mr. Harry Eytinge has withdrawn entirely from the New York Metropolitan. Mrs. Charles Howard is reaping fresh laurels at the South. James McWallack, Jr., is quite successful in London. The Providence Museum flourishes under the auspices of W. C. Forbes.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—A correspondent of the Transcript reminds us of the touching manner in which the late Mrs. George Barrett, as Ophelia, spoke the lines:

> "There's rosemary,
> That's for remembrance—pray, love, remember,
> There's rue for you; and here's some for me."

Well do we remember its exquisite grace and pathos. Poor, lost Ophelia! When will the stage present her like again?

IMITATION.—An exchange paper says "imitate the example of the prosperous and you will succeed like them." This is false doctrine. The donkey who put his forefoot on his master's shoulders, as he had seen the house-dog do, got soundly thrashed for his pains.

SLOW AND FAST.—Beginning to court at sixteen and marrying at sixty is not fast enough for young America. We heard of a match lately after an acquaintance of an hour.

We have the means of knowing that 107,000 of Ballou's Pictorial are now printed.—*Saturday Evening Gazette, Boston.*

REMEMBER.—That the Flag and Pictorial are sent together to one address for FOUR DOLLARS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Malta," a descriptive sketch, by ANNE T. WITHER.
"Walter Bailey," a tale of the planting of Pennsylvania, by BEN: PERLEY POORE.
"Smyrna, as it is," a sketch by Rev. F. W. HOLLAND.
"The Transplanted Flower," a poem by WM. R. LAWRENCE.
"An Exile's Return," stanzas by PARK BENJAMIN

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A national representation of Pennsylvania, the Keystone State in our political arch.

A series of engravings representing specimens of natural history, embracing the Sea-Lioness, the Long-eared Fox, the Wingless bird, the wolves di Capello, a Chinn Drake and Duck, and the Iguana.

Also, a series of Revolutionary Relics, giving, first, a view of the Old London Coffee House, at Philadelphia; second, Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia; third, a representation of the old stone house of Judge Shaw; and fourth, the house where Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.

A portrait of Lowell Mason, the well-known author and compiler of Church Music.

A characteristic engraving, delineating a winter scene, in long Island, entitled, Returning from John Dy.

A view of the Athenæum at Brooklyn, N. Y.

A representation of the Gas Works at Philadelphia.

A large whole sheet engraving, representing various Street Characters in our City of Notions.

, The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

The police of Paris consists of 3500 men.

At Messina, 20,000 deaths occurred from cholera from August 22 to September 10.

Albert Smith has presented ten thousand volumes of books of light reading to the army in the Crimea.

The emperor has, out of his own privy purse, doubled the pension of 20,000f. already granted to the widow of Marshal St. Arnaud.

A new bridge is to be built over the Seine, near the Invalides; it will be called the Pont de l'Alma; and it will cost $300,000.

The Austrian authorities have ordered that in future the German language shall be used in all proceedings before the tribunals of Hungary.

A sale of autograph letters and the originals of Burns's poems took place recently in London. "Scots wha hae" was bought by an American.

According to Mr. Sidney Herbert, the British army in the east consists of about two-thirds Protestants and one-third Roman Catholics.

A man was recently fishing in the Medway, England with a net, when he pulled up the body of his son, who had been drowned about a month before.

On the 18th ult., the military commission at Modena, Italy, condemned a man to six years' hard labor for being found in possession of a pistol.

The Baron de Bourqueney—the negotiator of the Triple Treaty between England, France and Austria—has been raised to the rank of grand-cross in the Legion of Honor.

A national subscription of thirty million of francs, projected for the widows and the wounded of the troops engaged in the war, has been deferred, by the order of the Emperor of France.

The amount of capital invested in French railways is three thousand millions of francs: of which, two thousand millions have been paid by companies, and our thousand by the State.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

He alone is an acute observer, who observes minutely without being observed.

Likeness begets love; yet proud men hate each other.

No man is master of himself, so long as he is a slave to anything else.

It is the basest of passions, to like what we have not, and slight what we possess.

He that does anything rashly, must be thought to do it willingly; for he was free to deliberate or not.

Philosophy and religion show themselves in no one instance so much as in preserving our minds firm and steady.

Absence cools moderate passions, and inflames violent ones; as the wind blows out candles, but kindles fires.

As we endear ourselves to the persons we oblige, so we violently hate those whom we have much offended.

Prudence governs the wise; but there are but a few of that sort, and the wisest are not so at all times; whereas passion governs almost all the world, and at all times.

As no good is perfect, so neither is any evil at its highest pitch. That which proceeds from a want of patience; and that which comes from the world, prudence.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has vigor; who can produce more and better than his talents; who can produce what none else can, has genius.

Familiar conversation ought to be the school of learning and good breeding. A man ought to make his masters of his friends, seasoning the pleasure of converse with the profit of instruction.

Joker's Budget.

When the Suffolk throws out the bills of a bank, the New Yorkers call it a *Suffolk-ation.*

One of the neatest toasts ever given—"Woman—the last word on our lips because it comes from the bottom of our hearts."

Dickens thinks the recent American Ambassadorial Conference at Ostend, was for the Ostend-ible purpose of securing Cuba.

What a munificent sovereign is Nicholas: See in what a generous manner he sacrifices his people!

Punch thinks it would be a real blessing to mothers, if somebody could invent a soap that would enable mamas to get their daughters off their hands.

An individual was arrested the other day in Cincinnati, endeavoring to pick another man's pocket. He said he wasn't used to the business, and was just trying to get his hand in.

A woman in Ireland refused to subscribe to the patriotic fund, saying, "What will become of me, if Nicholas conquers this country, and finds my name on the list of subscribers against him?"

Lady Bath, with a very bad temper, had a good deal of wit. Lord Bath saying to her, in one of their passions, "Pray, my dear, keep your temper;" she replied, "Keep my temper! I don't like it so well. I wonder you should!"

Newgate has already its "Calendar of Crime," and, judging from the atrocities practised by the Russian soldiers in the East, Nicholas will soon be able to furnish an appropriate companion in his Calendar of the Crimea.

A biography of Robespierre, published in a late Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

Quill and Scissors.

In one of the New York courts, Joseph Harrison is sued for $200,000, it being the penalty for the erection of houses in the city without the brick partition walls. The law says that the builder of such a house shall forfeit $50 for every day a house shall remain without brick partitions, and as Harrison built the house in 1851, the penalty has reached this enormous amount.

A Parisian letter-writer says that the impression is prevalent in the French capital, that the sympathies of the United States in the present war are wholly with Russia; and that this idea is so general in Germany that "the example of America" is even made use of to change the opinions of the anti-Russian party in that country.

A levee is now in course of construction between Bayou Sara and Cosmos Landing, La. Its length is thirty miles, and it will enclose about 65,000 superficial acres of land. It is calculated that about 50,000 acres of land will be redeemed and rendered available for cultivation by the construction of this levee.

The Earl of Ashborough, Ireland, has taken out a patent for navigating the air. It consists mainly in the construction of wings to be used for the propelling of aerial machines, in such a manner that the wings compress the air by percussion, under the concave part of each wing, like that of a bird's.

The New York Messenger says there is a poor decrepit old beggar in the city of New York, whose distressed appearance rarely fails of eliciting a penny from the pockets of the benevolent, and yet who owns two fine brick houses in Brooklyn, which he has earned by his heart breaking appeals for charity.

One of the prisoners in the New Jersey State Prison, who was insane, committed suicide by cutting or breaking the steam-pipe which passed through his cell, and inhaling the steam. He was heard making considerable noise about 11 o'clock, and at 12 was found dead.

In the Michigan penitentiary at Jackson, the convicts have actually been engaged in the manufacture of *bogus money* within the last few weeks. The money was put in circulation through the agency of a man by the name of Jones.

It is said that Madame Bishop, having failed to draw audiences in California, by singing operatic music in Dutch and Italian, blacked her face and appeared as an Ethiopian minstrel, with the greatest success.

Many of the new houses in New York are said to be so high and narrow, four houses on three lots, that an arrangement similar to dumb waiters has been introduced for hoisting people to the upper stories.

The State of Massachusetts has more miles of railway in proportion to its extent of territory than any other state or country on the globe. It has one mile of railway to each seven square miles of its geographical surface.

At the Assay office in New York, since it went into operation, on the 10th of October, the amount of gold received has been $9,281,088; of silver $918,467 55.

Some curious specimens of petrified wheat have been found upon the banks of the Blue River, in Kansas territory. It is said that there is no doubt regarding its identity.

Gideon Jenks, a teamster, fell from his team in Providence, lately, and was killed by one of the wheels running over his head.

Joseph F. Simonds, Esq., of Northfield, N. H., killed a hog twelve months old, which weighed seven hundred and forty-two pounds.

The annual appropriations of the American Board for Foreign Missions, for this year, is $334,000.

The tax of Nicholas Longworth, Esq., of Cincinnati, amounts this year to thirty thousand three hundred and twenty-eight dollars.

The New York Commercial Advertiser has entered upon its 58th year, a remarkable instance of newspaper longevity in this country.

The Williamsburg, N. Y., Times says that one of the Aldermen elect of that city, was stabbed a few nights since, while proceeding to a hog raffle.

Mr. Paunceforth at the Boston Theatre played Gismundo in St. Mare finely.

Western emigrants now set up cooking stoves in their wagons—a Russian fashion.

Dr. Graham, the murderer of Loring, will be assistant physician at Sing-Sing.

McKay's new ship, the McKay, lately launched, is nearly the size of the Great Republic.

The remains of Mad. Sontag have been finally embarked at Vera Cruz for Hamburg.

Hartford, Ct., is to have a park or common of 30 acres.

The total importation of flour into Boston, last year, was 767,000 barrels.

A good man, whether he is rich or poor, may at all times rejoice with a cheerful countenance.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Franklin B. Schillinger to Elizabeth D. Chapman.
By Rev. Otis Skinner, Mr. Henry W. Howard to Miss Mary H. Emerson.
By Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. George H. Dodd to Miss Ellen A. Leeds.
By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. James Manning to Miss Cordelia Barnard.
By Rev. Philemon Stowe, Mr. E. F. Russell to Miss Adelaide Schubert.
By Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Benjamin F. Grinnell to Miss Martha F. Derby.
By Rev. Mr. Goddard, Dr. James T. Patterson to Mrs. Jane M. Nutter.
By Rev. Mr. Hayward, Mr. John Edson to Miss Mary E. Savage.
By Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. C. H. Hayden to Miss Louisa C. Harwood.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. T. B. Jordan to Miss Emma Wade.
At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Collyer, Mr. Samuel F. Chase to Miss Hannah Wood.
At Portland, by Rev. Mr. Peck, Mr. William H. Dawes to Miss Esther A. Prime.
At Philadelphia, by Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, Mr. Thomas Walker to Miss Cecilia Wilson.
At New Haven, J. Huntington Lyman to Miss Mary W. Dwight.
At Chicago, Illinois, Mr. James M. Southard to Miss Laura S. Colby.
At Defiance, Ohio, Mr. David Taylor, to Miss Mary Furgason.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Noah E. Sackett, 27. Francis Octavia, only daughter of Silas and Narcissa Harmon, 6 years. Mrs. Hannah Caldwell, 41. Mrs. R. Warren Brown, 66. Mrs. Rachel P. Flynn. Mrs. Caroline Poor, 48. Mrs. Sarah A. Brackett, 21. Miss Ellen French, 26. Miss Mary Carr, 30. Mrs. Gabriella Gilbert, 30.
At Charlestown, Mr. Joshua C. Collins, 54.
At Cambridge, Joseph, only son of Mr. Joseph Newmarch, 4 years.
At West Cambridge, Mr. John James, 57.
At Malden, Mr. Mathias Mixer, 79.
At Newton Corner, of typhoid fever, Col. T. B. Taft, 46.
At Lowell, Mrs. Margaret M. Day, 75.
At North Danvers, Mrs. Sarah F. Batchelder, 67.
At Gloucester, Mrs. Susan Pandody, 81.
At Andover, Mrs. Abby H. Hackett, 23.
At Newburyport, Mr. Moses Brown, 56.
At Nantucket, Mrs. Catharine Coffin, 81.
At Wareham, Mr. Abel Dean, 21.
At Barnstead, Me., Mr. William Greenleaf, 78.
At Plymouth, Me., Mr. Sylvanus Harlow, 66.
At Hartford, Ct., Rev. Jonathan Smith, 54.
At Baltimore, Dr. George H. Gallup, of Boston, formerly of Delaware, 41.
At Philadelphia, Mrs. Tabitha, wife of Mr. Charles Carpenter, 54. Mrs. Anandia, wife of Mr. Charles H. Spain, 26.
At Constantinople, Mr. Vincent Amelan, of the house of V. Amelan & Co., of this city.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LITTLE MARY CLAPP.

BY MARSHA APPLETON.

I can see thee, little darling,
With thy sunny wealth of curls,
Flossing round thy brow in beauty,
Like a little fairy girl's!
With thy soft eyes shining sweetly
Through their lashes, long and deep,
And thy fair cheeks flushed with roses,
Where the merry dimples creep.

I can see thy pearl teeth parted,
And thy red lips softly smile,
As sweet springs of love and goodness
Fill thy young child-soul the while.
O, it gladz my heart to see thee,
Through in dreaming only, now;
For it seems as 'twere a blessing
To behold so fair a brow.

Every sweet, pai nance we call thee,
That the lips have power to say;
And our prayer would keep the sin-shades
From thy life-path all away.

It were vain to tell thee, dear one,
Of life-care and earth-woes yet;
For with real grief, and pain, love,
Thy bright cheeks have ne'er been wet.
Thou canst only see the beauty
In the brightly tinted sky,
And canst feel no dread forebodings
Of the storm that's brooding nigh.
O 'tis sweet, the trusting spirit
Of an innocent, pure child,
In the first bright years of sunshine,
Ere the heart becomes defiled.
Those blue eyes may be uplifted
With no blush of sudden shame;
For the heart brings no dark falsehood,
It is but an idle name.
O my own, my darling sweet one,
Blessing, sunbeam, as thou art;
May long, long years pass in brightness,
Ere sweet hope and thou shalt part.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

JUDITH BELL.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

YESTERDAY, one of our new acquaintances came to Shadyvale. As I have quite a story to tell about him, I shall just for convenience, call him Archibald Neal. He is a very agreeable young man, frank and ingenuous, and had much to say about Uncle Jerry and Judith Bell.

"Who is your Uncle Jerry, and who is Judith Bell?" I ventured to ask.

He colored slightly and smiled, while my prudent aunt gave me a reproving glance, as much as to say, "Emeline, why will you not learn propriety?"

"An excellent soul is Uncle Jerry, and—"

Here he paused in some confusion.

"Judith Bell," suggested I.

"I should like to tell the whole story," he said.

"O by all means, if you please! I am a first class listener. I will not once interrupt you. Now begin."

"I am not very good at story-telling; but if you will promise to interrupt me when I get tedious, I'll make the attempt."

This condition was quickly agreed to, and Archibald Neal related substantially as follows:

"I suppose I must commence at the beginning," quoth he, "and go on in the time approved, old fashioned style. Well, here I go—excuse all slips of the tongue, and the infelicitous language I may employ in making myself intelligible. I was the eldest of six children who had the misfortune to have parents not abundantly blessed with this world's substance. My educational and other prospects were certainly not flattering; and so Jeremiah Neal, my bachelor uncle, had pity on my low estate, and took me under his special care and protection. I lost nothing by the change, you may be assured. I was well clad and advised, closely looked after, disciplined in what he considered good manners, and finally found my way to Harvard through his friendly pocket.

"My uncle had one singular idea that I was not long in remarking; he professed to entertain a profound dislike to female society. The housekeeper and domestics were banished to the most remote part of the house, being tolerated only as necessary evils. When their presence was absolutely indispensable, he either made himself as disagreeable as possible, or took his hat and left the house in evident dissatisfaction. What occasioned this unconcealed dislike of the other sex, I am unable to say, as he never let me into his confidence in this particular. Many attributed it to a spirit of retaliation in return for a slight from some fair one, who perchance did not look favorably on his suit, while others declared it was because he associated so little with ladies. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my Uncle Jerry had no greater veneration for women, but truth forces me to acknowledge, also, that he had engrafted his eccentricity in this respect, upon me to a considerable extent. The old gentleman appeared, in my eyes, the concentration of wisdom, had seen so many countries and people, and could discourse so much like a sage, that I could form no other opinion than that he must be substantially correct in his leading sentiments. Being with him so much, knowing his genial temper, experiencing his bounty, having free access to his purse, I could not but consider him as a very extraordinary man, and a fit model after which to pattern. Old ladies he considered weak and querulous, given to snuff and strong green tea; middle aged, married ones, with grown up daughters, plotting and match-making; spinsters as busy-bodies, and young maidens as thoughtless flirts unsafe and noisy.

"Archie," said he, one day, "my boy, I suppose you intend to marry one of these days?"

"I replied that I intended to follow his example, and remain a bachelor."

"That'll do very well to talk about," resumed Uncle Jerry, "but I fear you wont have sufficient wisdom to walk in my footsteps. I feel sure that you will make a fool of yourself, before you are much older, by getting possessed of the absurd idea that you are in love. I am persuaded that a pretty face, and a handsome figure, well dressed, will prove fatal to all your philosophy."

"Nonsense, uncle," said I, lighting a cigar.

"It is always best," continued my relative, "to make some provision for the future. Misfortunes overtake us, when least expected; therefore, I have selected a wife for you, in case you should wish to change your condition for the worse."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," I answered, elevating my heels to the back of a mahogany chair.

"I s'pose I might as well tell you," he resumed, eyeing me sharply. "It is Susan Sharp—old Squire Sharp's daughter, who lives in an adjoining town, about ten miles from here."

"Is she handsome?"

"I haven't seen her since she was a child; and then she was the homeliest little creature, I think, that I ever saw."

"Is she intelligent?"

"Of that I am ignorant, also. She was a weak and puny girl, when I was in the habit of visiting the squire, and she had fits, which injured her intellect somewhat."

"Very encouraging, so far. What else have you to add?"

"Her father's worth his thousands, and she's an only child."

"When I want fits I'll let you know."

A few days after this interesting colloquy, Uncle Jerry handed me an open letter to read. It is not needful to give a verbatim copy of the epistle, but only a general transcript of its purport. It was written by a friend of my uncle's, resident in a neighboring city, and in behalf of Judith Bell, only child of my Uncle Bell, deceased. By the death of her father, Judith was left an orphan—her mother having been called from this sublunary sphere two years before—without support. My relative was obviously considerably shocked at hearing this news, for his sister's husband had been doing a good business, and was considered a man of wealth; and a man of wealth he would have been, at the time of his demise, had he not been ruined by a partner in business. The letter duly set forth the manner in which he had been swindled, ending with a touching description of the homeless and needy condition in which Judith had been left by the direful dispensation which had made her an orphan.

"What do you think of it?" asked my uncle.

"It is very melancholy," I returned, folding the letter, and returning it.

"You know I am not fond of female society."

"Yes."

"It makes me nervous to have more than two women in the house—the house-keeper and the cook."

"Of course it does."

"But this Judith is very destitute."

"I'm afraid so, uncle."

"We all have duties to perform, Archie."

"Unquestionably."

"Judith is as much my niece as you are my nephew."

"So it appears."

"I must do something for her."

"I think you ought."

"The question is—what shall I do?"

"Get her a place in a family, perhaps."

"What, let my niece go out to service?"

"Perhaps she can teach music, or something of that sort."

"No, no, that wont do, Archie. She's my sister's child."

"You might pay her board somewhere, till she gets married."

Uncle Jerry sat and mused awhile, then paced the library for some minutes, neither of us speaking.

"There's but one thing I can do, consistently with my duty as a near relative and a Christian. I must take her home."

"Bring her here!" I exclaimed, considerably startled.

"I believe it must come to that—it is inevitable. What will the world say if I act differently? And what would my conscience, say, too?"

"Well, uncle, I pity the girl, and I'm really afraid your duty compels you to give Judith Bell a home in your own house. It will disturb our quiet enjoyment, I have no doubt; but we must try and get along with it. I dare say we can shut ourselves up in the library here, and be quite cosy. Pray, how old is she?"

"Let me see. I declare she must be all of sixteen years! How time does slip away! But I suppose you don't care how soon Uncle Jerry dies, as long as you will get his property—you dog, you," added the old gentleman, giving me a smart punch under the ribs with his cane.

"Come, be quiet, or I'll run away," said I.

"Be glad to run back again!"

"About this niece of yours—when will she come, I wonder?"

"I shall write to your cousin to-day. And I expect you will treat her with respect, you scamp!"

"I sha'n't trouble her much with my company, though I shall use the poor thing well."

Thereupon he gave me another poke with his cane, and I threatened to throw the offensive weapon out of the window. My good uncle then placed himself at his desk for the purpose of writing a letter, but immediately changed his mind, insisting that I should write the missive. I complied, and wrote the following:

"MISS JUDITH BELL:—My uncle is willing that you should come and live with him, and make his house your home.

"Yours, in haste,

ARCHIBALD NEAL."

"Pshaw, that wont do!" petulably exclaimed Uncle Jerry. "Do you suppose a girl of any spirit would accept such a cold, stingy invitation as that?"

I replied that I knew but very little about girls of spirit, and couldn't tell what they would be pleased with. My relative then dictated a letter, which read very differently from the note I had perpetrated. He enclosed also, some bank bills, which he hoped she would feel at liberty to accept. No doubt Judith was surprised at the reception of the letter, for the friend referred to had written without her knowledge or consent. She wrote an evasive yet grateful reply, stating that she feared to make the experiment of taxing his generosity to such an extent.

The result was, that Uncle Jerry had to go after her himself, and use considerable kind and earnest persuasion to induce her to embrace his offer. At length she appeared among us, and I made an effort to be quite agreeable. I did not notice her particularly at that time, for fear of being thought impertinently curious. I gave her only a cursory scrutiny, which left a kind of vague impression of a rather pretty, bright-looking, observing, and quite self-assured miss. Pretending to be very busy in the library, preparing some important papers, I saw but little of Judith for the first week, meeting her but seldom, save at meal-times, and not finding myself alone in her company more than once or twice.

"I have heard that some females dislike cigar smoke," I remarked, one morning, to my uncle.

"They do, as a general thing—old and young—handsome and homely," he replied.

"Then we are likely to have a hard time of it with this Judith Bell, for I perceive she's a regular red republican in domestic reforms—full of radical revolutionary movements. Why, she's founding a new government in this house. Don't you perceive that she's making changes all the time? I shouldn't wonder if we surprised her here in the library, some day, actually dusting the books and moving things! For a whole day there was a barricade at the dining-room; to-morrow, there'll probably be a similar state of revolution in regard to the parlor. Then the chambers will be attacked, and finally our library will be carried by storm."

"I can't say but her changes are for the better, although I dislike innovations. She has much better notions about house-keeping than one could have expected. She's quite a sensible girl, Archie, I must say. Don't you think she looks well at the head of the table?"

"She sits up prim enough, and I dare say does her best to be useful. But what do you think she did to-day?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure."

"Well, I was quietly smoking in the dining-room, and what did she do, but poke a spittoon right in front of me, with her plaguy little foot!"

"Ha, ha," roared my uncle. "What induced her to do so, do you s'pose?"

"I can't imagine, unless it was because I was using the hearth for a spittoon, which I am sure is a very innocent employment."

"She dresses extremely neat," added Uncle Jerry.

"She may dress as neat as she pleases, if she wont carry her reformatory ideas too far. I don't think she likes to see me loll on the sofa, or put my feet on the backs of the chairs; and let me throw my hat down where I will, I'm sure to be obliged to run to the hat-tree after it, when I want it. I've always been in the habit of finding things just where I left them, but matters are now in a transition state. The glory of bachelor freedom is passing away."

"Come, come, Archie, don't complain, or I'll give you something to complain for!" rejoined Uncle Jerry, thumping me with his cane. "I'll marry you to Susan Sharp, soon, you rascal! I dare say you can learn her your dirty notions."

"Take a cigar, you old autocrat!" said I, opening an elegant case. "And keep your cane to yourself, or I'll break it. I am going to enlist in the army."

"You are too lazy," retorted my uncle.

"I'll go into active service."

"All but the active. Why, they'd drum such a scurvy fellow out of the ranks. You're not fit for a horse-marine!" and so Uncle Jerry whacked me on the shoulders again.

There was a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in," cried my uncle.

And who do you think appeared? Who else should it be but Judith Bell. What do you think she wanted? Nothing but to overturn things in the library, and infringe upon established conditions—*dirt*, she called it. Yes, she had the temerity to bring her high treason to the very seat of government, and to ask in a way that was really quite artless and pretty, notwithstanding the audaciousness of the thing, "if she might sweep and dust a little," while her fingers were so white and delicate that they seemed to have but little acquaintance with the broom-handle. I looked the girl full in the face, for I felt that something must be done to stay the overwhelming tide of neatness that was fast rolling upon us. I intended to assume a rebuking expression, but I then and there made a discovery which both surprised and embarrassed me—which was, that she had not only a pretty face, but an *exceedingly* pretty face. Her eyes were soft, yet saucy, blue, and beaming; her lips ripe and rosy; her cheeks cherry-hued and charming. Beside all this, her attitude was peculiarly easy and graceful, and her dress fitted firmly to her well-developed figure.

I did not frown as I had contemplated doing; but after staring a moment at my cousin, turned appealingly to my uncle, hoping he would come manfully to the rescue; but would you believe it?—he surrendered like an old coward, and banged me unmercifully with his cane during our shameful retreat. We fell back upon the dining-room, didn't see the inside of the library again for three mortal hours; the housekeeper during said time making numerous journeys between the surrendered territory and the kitchen, carrying soap, sand and water—while even the cook was pressed into the service of the usurper. Here was a grand *coup d'etat!* The enemy was in quiet possession of our stronghold. We were reduced to the condition of a mere provisional government, subject to the caprice of an absolute dictator. I was rebellious, nor inclined to yield to the new order—but old Uncle Jerry took it very coolly, laughing heartily at our discomfiture.

Gods and goddesses of reform! how strangely things looked when we were permitted to return to the library. Every shelf had been relieved of its burden, and passed through some purifying ordeal; each individual book had been dusted, and the aggregate whole arranged in an entirely new order. Works on theology, phrenology, medicine, and fiction, were separated one from another, occupying different departments, right side up, title pages out. The lower shelves, which had been made the receptacle of much varied rubbish, not very sightly, to be sure, but in my view extremely useful, had suffered a marked change. Old dressing gowns, canes, crushed hats, pipes, empty cigar-cases, fishing-lines, slippers, worn out steel pens, newspapers, letters, etc., had vanished, to appear—I know not where—under other and more distinctive circumstances. I scarcely recognized the apartment.

"Uncle," said I, "what do you think of this?" Uncle Jerry winked, and made some significant pantomime. Looking behind me, I perceived the authoress of these high-handed outrages seated in his arm-chair, very calm, pretty and self-content, really expecting, I believe, words of commendation for what she had done, or caused the housekeeper to do. The eyes which I have described as soft and saucy, met mine with provoking archness. Instead of abashing Judith Bell, by a single stern glance, I very wisely allowed my gaze to make a sudden retreat downward, until it rested on a diminutive foot—for she wore, to do her justice, the veriest little slipper in the world.

"It is necessary that we confess the powers that be," whispered the old gentleman. Then addressing the ruling priestess:

"You have made things look wondrously neat and trim here. Don't you think so, Archie?" he added, turning to me.

I answered to the purport that I rather suspected that I shouldn't know where to find things, now.

"You will find your most important things on the table, Cousin Archie," she replied.

Cousin Archie!—that was pretty well. I had never called her Cousin Judith. I looked toward the table at which she pointed, and what did I see? Why, all of twenty cigar stumps, and a pair of tongs! I grew red in the face. What were the tongs there, for? The cigars had been handled with them! Judith Bell's white fingers never touched one of them—she considered them odiously unclean. Uncle Jerry thereupon laughed vulgarly loud—though I could see nothing so very funny—and made a lunge at me with his nuisance of a cane.

"Judith Bell," said I, turning toward her with a firm determination to nip her assurance *en embryo*—but the instant that I saw that face of hers, I lost my presence of mind—"You've done well," I added.

"That's a rhyme," said my Uncle Jerry, repeating what I had said, humoring the final word to make it jingle well with Bell. The empress—I mean Judith—laughed also, but so softly that I was reminded of the *pianissimo* notes of Sontag. The idea striking me somewhere in the region where my common sense ought to be, that I was appearing awkward, I thanked her in an exceedingly dry and unthankful tone—and took refuge in a book.

Weeks tripped along, and with them the glory of the old bachelor *regime*. The innovating spirit of Judith Bell reached through every department of the house. The ancient housekeeper yielded without a struggle to manifest destiny, and fell into the tide of improvement—so called. The internal machinery went on like the nicely adjusted mechanism of a watch. I suffered much less than I had expected. If I lost some of my former freedom, I was in a measure indemnified by comforts that I had not previously received.

Our food was prepared with greater care and skill, and the empress presided at table herself—so far as such matters are in the province of woman. The domestics came to know their places, could be found when wanted, and no longer imposed upon the good temper and liberality of Uncle Jerry. The girl effected all this, without the least appearance of assumption, or the slightest deviation from propriety. Everything was done gently, with a smiling face and quiet demeanor. I make these acknowledgements as acts of simple justice, not because I was better pleased with the new order than with the old.

On one occasion, while I sat smoking and cogitating in the library, I heard music.

"What's that, Uncle Jerry?" I inquired.

"It sounds like the piano," said he.

"But it hasn't been opened for a month of Sundays. Come to think of it, it is crammed with musical papers, which I stuffed in there during the last canvass for governor," I rejoined.

"Depend upon it, it has been cleared out before this time, you thriftless puppy!" remarked my relative, eyeing his cane wistfully, which had slipped from his grasp during his last nap, and lay at his feet.

"Pick it up, Archie," he added, coaxingly.

"Not a bit of it. Hark, do you hear that? Judith Bell has callers, evidently; no novice has hold of the keys, now," I resumed.

"Well, I'd no idea there was a quarter so much music in that instrument. By the way, aint you most ready to fall into the trap of matrimony?"

"Not ready for the fits, yet, Uncle Jerry," rejoined I.

"Her father's money will strike a balance with the fits, you young mud-turtle."

Seeing his eyes begin to sparkle suspiciously, I kicked his cane beyond his reach, and charged him with ill-gally appropriating my best cigars.

"I've been planning somewhat, lately," he resumed. "What should you guess I have done?"

"Made love to the ancient house-keeper, perhaps," said I.

"I've selected a husband for Judith Bell."

"You have!"

"Certainly—why not?"

"O, it's all proper enough. Who is the happy man?"

"Dr. Bright's son."

"Dr. John Bright, Jr.?"

"Yes."

"Have you spoken to Judith about it?"

"Yes."

"The deuce you have! What did she say?"

"That she was so much indebted to my kindness she should be governed by my wishes, so far as compatible with her happiness, in that interesting relation."

"Has Dr. Bright, Jr., broached the matter to you?"

"Last week."

"But why need you interest yourself to get her married?"

"Because she deserves a good husband, if she has one at all, which of course she will. It is to anticipate a little, and take the least of two evils. I should like to have you praise Dr. Bright to the highest point in her hearing, whenever convenient."

"What praise I have to spare goes up in that direction," I returned, pointing to the ceiling.

"Archie, you're such a sad sinner, that I'm afraid nothing but cigar smoke goes from your mouth that way. But I am very serious in this. Judith must not be permitted to ruin herself by a bad matrimonial alliance. True, it would be better for her to remain single, but you see I have no right to compel her to a life of maidenhood. The next best way is to marry her to a worthy man."

"Dr. Bright is nothing extra."

"He suits me very well."

"Judith Bell may prove harder to please."

"He has money enough to support her in handsome style. The alliance will enable me to leave the bulk of my fortune to you."

"I don't want much."

"Don't want much! You're actually the most extravagant fellow in town. If you was my son, I'd put you to hard work."

"I have hard work now to get along with a fussy uncle and a Judith Bell."

"Where's my cane? I'll dust your jacket, laziness, before night. But I don't get on very fast. If you have any love for Uncle Jerry (or his money), any respect for his gray hair (or his real estate), any interest in your fair cousin (or fear of my cane), use your influence to prepossess her in favor of Dr. Bright, Jr."

"I am willing to oblige you in anything reasonable."

"You consent, do you?"

"I'll see how she feels about it."

"Do so, and I'll give you a check on the Granite Bank. The fact is, I'm getting advanced in life, and you'll wake up some morning and find yourself without an uncle."

"A sad morning will it be, Uncle Jerry."

"Yes, my dear nephew, I am shuffling along toward the quiet six feet tenement that will finally receive the best of us. I've tried to do my best for you, Archie, and I dare say you wont refuse to make a trifling sacrifice for me."

"My kind and only friend, you have only to command me to secure obedience," I earnestly replied.

"My strongest desire is to see you and Judith comfortable settled before I step off the stage. If you can find it in your heart to marry Susan Sharp—that is, without too great a sacrifice of feeling—it would certainly make me more resigned to death," resumed Uncle Jerry, seriously.

"Faith, I think I should be more resigned to death, too!" I exclaimed.

"I fear you are thinking of the fits," quoth my relative, gravely. "I don't insist upon an immediate answer. O no, Archie! I'll give you time to think of it."

I thought to myself, "I shall want an eternity to think of it."

"I will certainly turn the subject over in my mind," I said, perceiving he expected me to say something.

"Very good. Now go and see who is getting so much music out of our old piano."

I was very willing to escape from Dr. Bright and Susan Sharp, and so went to the parlor.

"Is that you, Judith Bell?" said I, finding her seated as the instrument, and the only occupant of the room.

"Is it Judith Bell? What do you mean? Archibald Neal?" she replied, looking up, very innocently.

"I didn't know that you played."

"Yes, a little."

"It strikes me that you play quite decently," I added, wishing to sting her pride.

"I thank you, I'm sure. It's such a comfort to know that I really play quite decently." I glanced covertly at Judith Bell from under my lowering eyebrows. Her face was aglow, and she was decidedly wounded.

"Won't you play me 'Sweet Home, Auld Lang Syne,' or something of that sort? I detest opera music," I continued.

Without making any rejoinder, or elevating her gaze from the piano, she touched the keys and played "Sweet Home," with variations, in a style that astonished me. My heart relented somewhat, and I felt less rebellious toward the the new government. "Play it again, with an accompaniment, and I'll sing it," I said, clearing my throat. I have a good voice, and felt a little vanity in showing it. I didn't think to ask Judith to sing with me—I had never heard her make an attempt even to hum "Dan Tucker," which was then in everybody's mouth. I thought she would praise me when I had finished, but no; she remained silent, giving no particular indications of being pleasurably affected by my performance. I concluded that she had no just appreciation of vocal talent, and that her playing was rather mechanical, considerably wanting in true expression, without which mere execution is without melody.

My uncle had a venerable violin with which he used to amuse himself occasionally. As soon as he learned that the empress could play, he lugged it from its dirty box, re-strung it, rubbed it with rosin, and tortured it up to concert pitch. Then the two made music of ancient sort—for the old gentleman insisted upon playing all the old tunes that were popular in his younger days. His niece submitted gracefully, and drummed away by the hour with the books of the previous century before her. I had to sit and smoke alone on account of Uncle Jerry's musical *furor*—and made another black mark against Judith for the same. I grew uneasy about the way things were tending; she was evidently growing fast in his esteem. There was danger of her usurping my place in his affections. However, I magnan-

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imously reflected that she was a poor orphan girl, and if she could get a little comfort from the friendship of my relative, she ought to be welcome to it.

One afternoon some young ladies called to see Judith. Gallantry and politeness moved me to make an effort to entertain them; so I remained in the parlor. One of the ladies was a good vocalist, and when we had chatted awhile, I requested her to favor us with singing. She complied, and I praised her performance warmly.

"Come, Judith Bell," said I, with a deceitful smile, "I think you should contribute to our amusement too."

"What shall I do? Archibald Neal?" she asked.

"Sing, without doubt," I responded.

She seated herself at the piano. "Now, we shall have some brilliant execution," thought I. "The empress is going to do some opera."

Well, I was doomed to discover myself in an error of the first magnitude—she went right to singing. Notwithstanding all the girl's failings, she sang—like an angel, I was about to say, but she was no angel at that time—like an accomplished vocalist. My favorite, who had just displayed her abilities, was left immeasurably in the distance; the empress was in the ascendant—her voice was exquisite, her articulation distinct, her style faultless, her expression just. She was an artist, I but a pretender; and I recalled my awkward attempt to exhibit my own powers in that department, with feelings of vexation.

"I was not aware you could sing," I remarked, after the ladies had gone.

"I haven't felt much like singing since my father's death," she replied.

"You are an inexplicable girl, Judith Bell."

"How can I help it, Archibald Neal?"

"That's beyond my knowledge. By the way, Dr. Bright is here often."

"Yes, I know it."

"I suppose it will gratify my uncle if you encourage his visits."

Judith was confused, and glanced at me furtively.

"I know that the subject has been broached," I added.

"I might affect not to know your meaning, but I prefer to be ingenuous. I do not like Dr. Bright," she returned.

"His father is a man of property."

"I'm not speaking of his father."

"He is not a very bad looking person."

"But I'm not pleased with his character."

"He's a drinking man, it is true, but then you have moral power enough to reform him—and as for his hair lip, you can rise above that, I am sure—it was nearly cured by an operation."

"And there is Susan Sharp," said she, with a smile.

"Susan Sharp may go to—"

"Hush, Archibald! Perhaps her fits can be cured."

"Wont you attend to your own affairs, Judith Bell!"

"And wont you attend to yours, Archibald Neal!"

"I am obeying my Uncle Jerry's instructions."

"So am I."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, he says he's anxious to see you united to Susan Sharp, before he leaves the world."

"Well, I'll settle it at once—I say no in capitals. So you may save yourself any further trouble."

Judith looked pensive, and said not a word.

"It is very fine, outside, Judith—the air is balmy, the fields green, and the sunshine pleasant; put on your bonnet, and let us walk."

"Walk?"

"Yes."

"With you?"

"Why not—unless you feel—too—"

"Too what?"

"No matter."

"If you intended to accuse me of pride, you were impelled to speak without due reflection. What am I but a dependent on my uncle's bounty?"

"It seems to me he's dependent on you, lately," I rejoined, not very graciously.

"For what?"

"Happiness!"

"I didn't know that I could make anybody happy here," she answered, with tears in her eyes—those soft and saucy eyes.

I had never walked with Judith before, but I had concluded that as she was an orphan, it was my duty to give her more attention than I had previously done. I said not much, my mood was thoughtful, and we were absent an hour. When we got home, in compensation for my labor of charity, Judith declared that her glove smelled of cigar smoke, where she had just touched my arm with the tips of her fingers! Such was my reward!

I grew to be forgiving toward Judith Bell. Many of her faults and liberties passed unnoticed. Even her semi-weekly descents upon the library to dust, many of her general notions respecting neatness, and her prejudices against tobacco. I felt that I was a man and ought to be generous toward one of the weaker sex. So I tolerated my cousin. I sang with her, too; and what was considered remarkable, at that time, drove her to town three times.

Uncle Jerry astonished me very much one morning by telling me that she had consented to marry Dr. Bright.

"He drinks," said I.

"He can afford to, Archie."

"A hair lip, too, uncle."

"That's a freak of Nature, lad; no sensible person will think ill less of him for it."

"I don't think you ought to influence her. She is young, and should have time for reflection," rejoined I.

"I am old enough—I can reflect for her; so none of your impertinence!"

Uncle Jerry came at me with his cane, and I retreated to the parlor, where Judith was trying her pretty eyes over worthless embroidery.

"So you have consented to become Bright," said I, pettishly.

"How sharp you are," she retorted.

"I don't see what you can be thinking of, Judith Bell!"

"Why, Archibald Neal!"

"To marry Dr. Bright."

"He's as good as Susan Sharp, I imagine."

"That's nothing to the point," I added. "Do you like him, is the question to be decided."

Tears started to her eyes, and she covered her face with her embroidery.

"If you don't care to have him, say so, and you shan't!" I resumed, with emphasis.

"But my uncle—"

"Hang my uncle!" I exclaimed.

"If my father was living, I wouldn't consent, on any account, whatever. But you and Uncle Jerry urge me to it, and I am perfectly miserable!" she replied, weeping.

I paced the length of the parlor three times, hurriedly—then I paused, and looked at the handsome figure of my cousin.

"Judith Bell," I said, touching her gently on the shoulder.

"Well, Archibald?"

"Will you marry me?"

"What, Archibald Neal? she exclaimed.

"I simply asked if you would marry me?"

"You dislike me—you wound me whenever you can. You are unkind!"

"I have discovered that I love you, and that I shall be miserable if you go away."

So saying I found myself at Judith Bell's feet, with both her white hands in mine.

"And Susan Sharp," said she, repelling me, gently.

"May go farther," I rejoined.

"And my uncle's wishes?"

"My uncle is an old cur—"

Something descended upon my shoulders—it was a cane.

"Curmudgeon, is he, you dog, you hypocrite! And what has Judith Bell said to you?"

"She has said nothing, but I think she means yes. She weeps and blushes."

"Say, my pet; will you have the graceless boy?" added Uncle Jerry, patting her on the head.

"If it is your will and his," stammered Judith.

"It is the crowning wish of my life. I have long hoped and prayed that it might be so. But Archie is a wayward fellow, not half good enough for you."

"The last remark is but too true. I have played the cynic and the cross bachelor, and do not deserve such a treasure; yet if Judith will forgive me, I shall be the happiest fellow living," I rejoined.

"She ought to keep you on your knees two days," cried Uncle Jerry, and kissing his niece, left us together.

She forgave me, and we have been happy ever since. I have come to like her neat habits, renounced smoking, and given away my cigar-case. The wedding day is close at hand. We are all busy getting ready for that interesting event. Dr. Bright and Susan Sharp no longer trouble me. Uncle Jerry walks about his premises in the best of spirits; indeed, he appears to have renewed his youth. I am sure Judith Bell will look sweetly in her bridal dress."

"I know she will," said I.

With that Archibald Neal took his leave, well satisfied, apparently, with his listeners, while I ran to my writing-desk to fasten on paper what I could remember of the narration.

Judith Bell came to me in my dreams. I saw her eyes, soft and saucy, and her cherry-hued cheeks glow with a new-found joy. She became a sort of incarnate perfection in my mind's phantom-world. I pictured her quiet, yet arch, pert, but modest, self-reliant, and dignified, calm, and beautiful.

I was at Judith Bell's bridal, and placed the moss-roses in her hair. Archibald Neal was such a happy fellow! And Uncle Jerry marched around with his cane like a field-marshal.

CHARACTER OF THE CRIMEA.

A German writer gives this description of the Crimea. "The Crimea is one of the finest and most picturesque countries of the world. Its soil, particularly in the southern parts of the peninsula, where vegetation is truly tropical, is of an extraordinary fertility. The valleys, watered by numberless brooks and small rivers, are excellently cultivated, abounding in productive corn fields and vineyards. Of the latter those near Sudak and Koos give the best grapes. Apricots, peaches, cherries, plums, almonds, pomegranates, figs, pears, apples and melons are grown in gardens, while the open land yields considerable quantities of cereals, millet, tobacco, honey, wax and silk. The breeding of horned cattle, horses and sheep is of some importance; the latter yield the favorite small, grey, curly skins, known as Crimean lambskins. In the northern parts of the peninsula, on the other hand, both wood and water are scarce, and the soil is generally poor, brackish, and unfit for cultivation."

KOSSUTH ON THE EASTERN WAR.

Kossuth has made a speech in London, in which he points to the disasters of the allied arms and prophesies greater ones, unless England will sever her alliance with the dynasties and fraternise with the people. The allies are beaten. The Turk is destroyed. Austria, with the principalities in her hands, is the only gainer in the contest; and she stands ready to betray each side and both, if possible. Austria is the enemy of Europe, and Poland is the assailable side of Russia. There the blow should be struck. Unless Poland and Hungary are called to the field, the allies will be defeated and disgraced.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE TWO BLESSINGS.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience—for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy—therefore value it, and be thankful for it.—*Izaak Walton.*

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colors in the noise and tumult of life.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MORGAN'S LAST PACING MATCH.

A SPORTSMAN'S STORY.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Some five and twenty years since, before the present city of Lowell and vicinity was so densely populated as it now is, there was a small tavern-house in the town of Tyngsborough (a few miles distant from Lowell), which was kept by a man named Edwards,—Josh Edwards, I think he was called. I may be mistaken as regards the name exactly, but it matters little. This was something near it, at all events.

At that time, the tavern spoken of was much frequented by cattle-dealers and horse-men, who came down from the north—New Hampshire and Vermont—with their animals of various kinds, on their way to a market, at Boston or Brighton; and occasionally a "good 'un to go" chanced to find its way to the stable of this country inn, *en route* to the city, for a purchaser. Hard by the tavern, there then stood a small blacksmith's shop, and it so happened, one fine, cool afternoon, that but few idlers, or others, were hanging about the hotel,—a rather uncommon occurrence there,—when a stranger came waddling up, upon the back of a crazy-looking beast, and halting before the door, jumped off and entered the tavern.

He left his miserable-looking animal at the door, in his tracks as he stood, with the loosely-fitting old bridle slung over his ears, while he went into the house to inquire for a farrier.

"Old Pete," he said, "had lost a hind shoe off, five miles back," and he wanted a new one.

"Where is your horse?" asked the landlord.

"Out doors. You didn't s'pose I was a-going to bring him in here, did you?" said the rough stranger. "What's the blacksmith?"

"Close by, yonder," replied old Edwards, pointing to the sign of a black stud, rampant, upon a dilapidated white board, over the farrier's door. "Jennings 'll fit you a shoe as neat as a pin. He knows how to do it."

The thing which the new comer called a *horse*, was the worst looking critter—so Josh. Edwards declared—that he'd ever set eyes on. His color was about half way between that of a Maltese cat and a dirty yellow fox,—a sort of horrible mixture of dun and sour beer hue. He had been the rightful owner of a tail, too, undoubtedly, at some remotely previous period, but just now this caudal appendage (so useful in fly time) was reduced to the stump only. His mane was closely but raggedly cut, his hip-bones stuck out finely above his flank, his knees were shaky, his coat was frowsy and ungroomed, and a sorry figure he cut, truly, as his owner dragged him away from the tavern-door, towards the smith's shop, to have his hind shoe restored. Two or three loafers stood by, as the beast moved slowly away, and an incontrollable titter was heard as he wriggled off towards the farrier's quarters.

"Wot you laffin' at?" queried the man who called himself the proprietor of this rare beast. "Hain't you no better manners 'n that, down yere?"

Nothing was said, but an increased haw-haw succeeded, as the animal and his owner went on again. Josh. Edwards retreated from his door, and declared the horse was "a beauty, to be sure!"

The stranger called himself Morgin. His name was *Morgan*, but he had a way of his own in pronunciation, and he didn't want anybody to tell *him* anything. He "knowed so much now," he said, "that he couldn't keep from cheatin' people, very handy," and "if he didn't know what *a horse* was, he'd come down to Tin'sboro' and larn, some fine Sunday, when he wasn't busy otherways!" And muttering thus as he went, he soon found the blacksmith.

"Put it on strong, and not too thick, Mister wot-you-call-'em," said Morgan. "I'm goin' over to the cattle-fair at D——, day after to-morrow, and I'll want to use old 'Pete' there. He's rather thin in flesh, to be sure, and his p'ints are raither prominent," continued the owner of the nag, as he eyed his high withers and protruding hips. "But I've seen wus horses 'n him, a good deal."

"Have you?" exclaimed Jennings, doubtfully.

"O, yes. Bless your ignorance, man, I've seen hull droves on 'em that 'd beat old Pete to death, and give him odds, as to looks and condition."

"Do you intend to enter your animal there for a premium, sir?" inquired Jennings, without smiling.

"Not edsackly for a premium,—but I cal'late, may-be, that I'll take down the crowd afore I leave 'em," said Morgan. "Come, you, fix the shoe, fer I must be off. Match to these as near as you can, now. Don't put it on too heavy."

Jennings thought he knew a horse, but he was certain he knew what a horse-*shoe* was. He was greatly surprised, therefore, upon taking up the animal's fore-feet, to meet with a splendidly turned shoe there, a better one than he had ever made in his life! The hind one that was left was the same. He examined all three with care, and said:

"Who made those, major?"

"I ain't no major, Mr. What's-your-name. I'm a plain farmer and farrier. *I* put them on there, myself."

"Well, it will take me some time to mate *them* shoes, certain."

"So I thought, wots'-name."

"Jennings, sir,—Jennings."

"Well, Jinnin's, go ahead, I'll wait. I want a shoe like them are, any how;" and the eccentric old fellow took out his pipe, sat down upon a box in the corner, and left Jennings at his work.

Morgan said nothing while the farrier was manufacturing the new shoe, though he watched the operation cautiously. When he had fitted it finally, and was about to secure it upon the ancient pelter's foot, the owner rose from his seat, took the shoe up, glanced across it, weighed it in his hand, and said, "That'll do, Mr. Jinkins. You never made a better one,—just right."

The shoe was nailed on, the foot was trimmed neatly down, Morgan handed Jennings three silver quarter dollars (double price), and jumping into his saddle, his hog-maned pacer waddled away from the door, without another word from his rider.

That night a score of country-tavern worthies were collected in the bar-room of the old inn, and the subject of the conversation turned upon that horse.

"Since God made me," said Josh. Edwards, I never saw such a crow-bait as *that*, Jennings."

"He was a sorry-looking beast, truly," responded the farrier who had shod him. "But *I* never saw such a set of shoes as he wore!"

"Had enough, I've no doubt," said Edwards.

"He came wriggling up here, with but three of 'em left, and his owner said he'd lost t' other, six miles back."

"*Bad!* I tell you I never made such shoes, and I've been a smith these five-and-twenty years. They were the neatest and the finest I ever saw!"

"What!"

"True as the book—and he paid me seventy-five cents for one to match 'em, too."

"What the deuce does that signify?"

"I can't tell you. The fellow said he was going over to the fair at D——, the next day after to-morrow; and there's to be a match against time there,—eighteen miles in an hour, for a five hundred dollar purse,—open to any body and every body."

"Well, what's that to do with him, pray?"

"I say I don't know. But I mean to be there."

"So will I," said Josh. Edwards; "and I, and I," responded half a dozen others.

There was fun ahead, evidently.

A curious and motley crowd of visitors were duly assembled at D——, on the second day after this, and when the hour approached for the trial of the bottom and mettle of the horses that were present at the Fair, a roped circle had been roughly staked out, within which was a mile ring, over which the animals were to contend for the purse,—the achievement to win which was merely restricted to accomplishing eighteen miles within one hour, without regard to weights, ages, or carriages; which involved the successful circuit of the rough track—in harness—eighteen times round, in sixty minutes.

Blood horses and "fancy" crabs were not then so common an article as they now are. Yet there appeared on the ground a dozen very showy and spirited animals, geared to light wagons, sulkies and gigs. As they were prancing and dancing up and down the track, the rope was broken down a few yards below the judge's stand, and Mr. *Morgin*, with his beautiful-looking "sorrel" nag (as he called him), the veritable hog-maned *Pete*, harnessed to a light Canadian French "cart," as the vehicle was denominated, burst in upon the circle, amid the *ha, ha's!* of a thousand spectators.

He was politely informed by the judges that he was in the way there, and was requested to retire outside, where he could see the approaching race to better advantage.

"*See* it?" said Morgan; "but I want to be *seen*. I prefer being in sight, somewhere, yere; and I don't mind if I jine in the race, myself."

"With what horse?"

"This 'un. Old *Pete*, here!"

"Very well, then, sir," replied the judge, with a suppressed grin, "you can pay your fee yonder, and enter in form." And Morgan instantly followed his directions, while the crowd kept up an incessant hooting and yelling at the ludicrous team and driver which so excited their merriment.

"Go it, yallar-legs! Pop 'em, snuffy! Eighteen miles in eighteen *days*, and never look behind you!" screamed the crowd, at various points, as he passed up to the stand. But Mr. Morgan was very deaf, just now, or exceedingly indifferent, either of which infirmities seemed to answer his present purpose admirably.

On a sudden the farrier, Jennings, hailed him. He had just arrived,—saw the team,—remembered the fancy shoes,—and said to Morgan:

"Tell me, old fellow, what have you got for a horse, here? Between you and I, I'm suspicious that you'll do a good day's work, here. Shall I bet on you?"

"You're a good fellow, Jenkins," said Morgan, in a low tone, "an' know what a horse-*shoe* is."

"Yes,—but your nag, here. Is he a good 'un? They're coming up for the start—see!"

"Bate your pile on old Pete, Jenkins,—he'll slay 'em, or I'll pay your loss," said Morgan; and away dashed the fancy animals to the stand, at the sound of the bugle, while Morgan cherrupped to his old pelter, who jogged along up to the post, behind the rest, in a sort of zig-zag line, that greatly amused the crowd.

Morgan had wagered five hundred dollars, quietly, that his horse would win, and the purse to be gained by the successful animal—he that should make the eighteen miles nearest within the hour—was five hundred more. And at last the word was given, and the animals went off.

Morgan was armed with half a split barrel-stave, instead of a whip, and a terrific shout went up from the lungs of the multitude, as he started his animal, merely *walking* away from the judges' stand at first, but finally getting well under way, as the nine other teams, pretty close together, were dashing bravely around the quarter-mile post.

When they passed the stand, after the first mile, they were considerably scattered, some of the horses being badly driven, and the string was then being led by three of the best of them; but old *Pete was far in the rear*, coming on at a wriggling, hitching pace, but evidently getting well warmed up with his exercise.

"Ha, ha!" roared the throng, as he went by. "Hurry up the cakes, old boy! Give him the but end o' the larrup! You'll win—if you don't lose!"

Away went the teams, however, and Morgan took no notice of any body or anything but his horse. At the end of the fourth mile round, when the bell struck, as the two leading sulkies passed the judges' stand, they were surprised to observe that Morgan had exchanged places with the previous third wagon, and now two of the finest horses on the ground only led the race, with old Pete close behind!

When the bell struck for the seventh mile, but five of the competitors were on the track, the rest having withdrawn themselves, after doing their best, and finding that their chances were hopeless.

Pete crawled along, and at the signal of the ninth mile, the crowd had ceased their jeers, for Morgan passed the post, ahead of all competitors, and but twenty-four minutes had yet elapsed since he walked away from the judges' stand! His horse was a bungling, shuffling pacer, but he was driven beautifully by old Morgan.

Upon the tenth turn round the course, Pete began to show where his *good* qualities lay. His wind was still excellent, his gait more even than before, and he led the only two rivals he had left, at least a third of a mile, and the wide gap between him and them was rapidly being increased. At the termination of *his* thirteenth round, the three teams passed the post pretty nearly together, the other two being now slightly ahead of him again; but they had performed only twelve miles to his thirteen,—Pete having already gained a mile on them! He soon passed them once more, and they faltered. Upon the fourteenth and fifteenth round, but one rival was left, and when he had reached his sixteenth mile he caved in, and was led, completely worried out, off the course.

A wild hurrah went up again, as old Pete came round upon his seventeenth turn. Hundreds of dollars had changed hands, and the long-winded beast still kept on his feet, though the barrel-stave was now brought into action most vigorously. The last mile was turned—three-quarters—seven-eighths—and at every faltering step, whack went the barrel-stave in old Morgan's sturdy gripe, as the poor beast shuffled on, fast falling under the monstrous exertion he had been subjected to.

The goal was reached, the eighteen miles had been accomplished, handsomely, in fifty-two minutes,—Pete was "alone in his glory." He passed the stand,—a thousand voices cheered him as he went,—old Morgan tossed the barrel-stave into the air,—the crowd dashed down the ropes and rushed in after him, with furious excitement and yells of delight! The poor old bruiser could do no more,—the heart-strings had been strained to the very last tension,—he faltered a few yards beyond the winning post, trembled, halted, groaned, and fell dead, in harness, upon the track!

Morgan had won! Old Pete was dead, but he had sold him for a round thousand dollars, a very good price, but earned in a questionable way, nevertheless. He took the five hundred dollar purse, made sure of the side bets he had made, amounting to as much more, paid two ostlers ten dollars to bury his old pelter, and left the crowd to speculate upon the former character of his horse, who was really so much "like a skinned cat—better than he looked to be."

"What do you think of *that* performance, Jennings?" inquired Josh. Edwards, when they returned home that evening.

"I told you, Josh., that them shoes meant something. *Think?* I know he was a good 'un, as soon as I saw his feet."

"He was the ugliest beast I ever saw in the form of a horse," insisted the inn-keeper.

"Handsome *is* as handsome *does*, Josh. I bet a hundred and thirty dollars on him,—all the money I could borrow,—and I won."

"He was a cute 'un, certain. What has become of Morgan?"

"Nobody has seen him since the race," replied Jennings. And, from that hour, "Mr. Morgin" never was heard of. Perhaps he is now fixing up another pelter, for the next spring races,—who knows?

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Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON, MASS.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LIFE.

BY J. JOWITT.

Life a vapor fleeting is,
Short and dimmed with earthly tears;
Joys, whose transient hours are borne
Downward by its earthly fears.

Thus its morning hours are spent
Eager for the coming noon;
And the evening shadows find us,
Sighing that they came so soon.

Life's an ocean, calm and bright,
On whose breast our boat we steer;
All before us shining glory,
All behind us, dark and drear

Till our bark is well nigh over,
Then behold us backward gaze;
As the fair and fickle sunbeams
Gilds the past with glittering rays.

Here our life's indeed a shadow,
Fleeting as the early dew;
And its symbols are the flowers
Which around our pathway strew.

But beyond this life there's teeming
Yet another, whose bright flowers
Waft their never dying perfumes
Through the everlasting hours.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SETH'S GHOST.

A SEA YARN.

BY FREDERIC WARD.

In January, 1847, the good ship Medora left the port of Boston, bound for Hong Kong and Canton. Her crew, beside the officers, consisted of ten as good seamen as ever hauled out a weather earing, together with four green hands, who were expected to do the work of men, thereby making a saving to the owners of the difference in their wages.

Now, every man who has made it his business to "go down to the sea in ships," either as an officer or before the mast, knows some persons are so constituted, that, however enterprising or capable of exertion they may be on shore, they no sooner get out sight of land—by which time all the romance connected with "the sea, the sea, the open sea" is completely dispelled, and its place occupied by hard work and salt horse—than they become about as active and useful as those wonderful works of art which decorate the bows of a ship, known as figure-heads.

Of this class of persons were our "boys," no matter what their weight and inches, subjected to this cognomen so long as they remained uninitiated. All of them were bad enough, but one, who luxuriated in the name of Seth, was a miracle of lziness; his stupidity approached the sublime. This, of course, made him the object upon which all the practical jokes of the sailors were played.

After getting out of cold weather and fairly into the trades, with the ship in perfect order, the crew were put upon "watch and watch," which gave us half the time to ourselves, and we employed it in the laudable pursuit of fun.

One of our best sailors answered to the name of Joe. Acording to his own account, he had been called so variously in the many ships in which he had sailed, that his original name was wholly forgotten. He stood about six feet five inches in height, and bread in proportion, or rather, out of proportion; for a more lavish display of feet and toes seldom falls to the lot of any animal of smaller dimensions than an elephant. They were feet to excite admiration and respect; their wonderful breadth and flatness causing, when wet, symmetrical and nearly circular tracks upon the beautifully white and dry deck, giving it the same appearance it would have presented, had a succession of wet swabs been thrown upon it, at a distance of three or four feet apart. No one who had seen these tracks, after Joe's periodical march to take his trick at the wheel, would have doubted that the feet which made them had borne aft a more than ordinary Jack Tar. The same species of vanity which induces persons to make a display of a fine set of teeth, kept Joe barefoot, except in the coldest weather.

Large men are usually good natured, and he was no exception to the rule, but he was so inordinately fond of fun, and would carry his practical jokes so far, that occasionally they would lead to disagreeable results. These he would do his utmost to repair.

Our boys were of course fair game, and among sailors it is considered a duty, when in good weather, to put them, particularly lazy ones, thro' such a "course of sprouts" as will have a tendency to make them forget their on-shore daintiness, and become rough and tough sailors. All the boys, except Seth, under our tuition, which consisted of kicks, cuffs, curses not deep but loud, and the last, the most effectual, ridicule; which, if the boy has any spirit, is pretty sure to bring it out; with a convincing argument in the shape of a rope's end, applied by the mate, had so far benefited by our disinterested kindness, that they were progressing quite respectably; to furl a royal no longer seemed like tempting Providence.

No process, however, except such as would be applied to a bale of goods, could get Seth above the tops; the futtock shrouds were to him an impassable barrier. We, at last, gave up in despair of making him a sailor, and employed him in all manner of odd jobs for the men, such as washing our clothes, keeping our bunks in order and the like; in short, a sort of *valet de* fo'casstle to all hands. From this circumstance he had by general consent acquired the title of the stewardess. The only ship duty he was called upon to perform, was in common with the other boys, to keep a lookout of two hours each on the to'gallant fo'casstle in the night, to see that the ship did not fall overboard forwards; while the "second dickey" performed the same important duty on the quarter-deck; the men having to take their tricks at the wheel kept no lookout; and as we were in the trades, with no probability of bad weather, all hands, including the boys not on the lookout, indulged themselves with a nap.

With Seth it was almost an impossibility to keep awake, and Joe, pretending to be asleep, would keep quiet until Seth had commenced his melodious snore, when he was up for some trick upon the poor stewardess. Many's the unexceptionable pair of mustache and whiskers he had furnished him, with the best of marine paint, that would stay by him for a week, in spite of soap and water; and large quantities of tar had been diverted from its legitimate use, to be gently placed between the apex of his skul and the lining of his cap. But these tricks, together with putting a screw through the toe of his boots and into the deck, had become old, and he changed his plan of attack for one more likely to keep him awake, as well as to wake him suddenly. This was, to get over into the head, draw a bucket of water, and dash it quickly into the face of the sleeping sentinel; while he was blinded with the salt water to slip in board on the lee side; he could then answer any complaint by saying, "we had shipped a sea," notwithstanding it might be a stark calm at the time.

At last, one night, he was detected in the act of flavoring Joe's tea with a centipede, which were quite numerous on board. For this, Joe determined upon more than ordinary vengeance; he took several days to invent something which would not injure Seth, but at the same time give him a salutary fright. During this period he was more than usually kind to him, and abstained from any tricks that would annoy him. I suspected there was something in the wind, but could get nothing from him as to what he intended to do.

Things went on quite smoothly for rome time, we had carried the trades well to the southward, and were anticipating a change of wind, as we were within a couple of hundred miles of the Cape of Good Hope. It was a bright star-light night, about three bells in the mid watch, when I lay upon the top of the galley, looking at the stars and trying to make out the constellations. All sail was on the ship, the wind, what there was of it, was dead aft, but so light that even our skysails did not keep full, but were whipping the masts as the ship rose and fell on the almost imperceptible ground swell. Studding sails were set on both sides from the deck to the royal mast head, and extending many feet from either side, presenting the appearance, at a little distance, of a huge pyramid of white marble; only the observer would be led to suppose either the pyramid or himself must be a little groggy, to account for its unsteady posture.

We were going through the water at the rate of one and a half knots, barely steerage way, because if us had been improving the opportunity by having a swim, much to the horror of Seth, who expected to see us all devoured by sharks.

I was lying, as I have said before, looking at the Southern Cross, and thinking about a flannel shirt which needed the buttons put on, and had arrived at that stage of drowsiness in which it had become a settled fact, that the constellation red flannel shirt was a magnificent object, and the Southern Cross must have a button put upon the throat, and another on the wristband, the first opportunity, when I was brought up with a round turn, by some one tugging away at my hair as if it had been the fore brace.

"Come, heave out o' that," whispered Joe; "we'll have a bit of a lark bum by."

I lazily brought myself to a sitting posture, opening my mouth wide enough to swallow him, the peculiar howl which usually accompanies a yawn being given with remarkable emphasis.

"Clap a stopper on yer jaw tackle, w.ll yer—you'll have all hands awake, and spile all the fun."

I had half a mind to let Joe go without my assistance, and finish out my nap, but taking a look at the weather, I noticed some rather suspicious looking clouds, just rising above the horizon on the larboard bow. Judging that in less than an hour we should be hard enough at work shortening sail and bracing yards, I concluded to see what was up.

"Kin Seth swim?" he inquired.

"Like a porpoise—in fresh water," (we had been schoolmates some years before.) "But you wont get him to try it on here at any price; you might as well get a cat voluntarily to take a salt water bath."

"I'll bet you a bran new T. L. pipe that I'll coax him to take a swim afore morning. Now I'll tell you what you'll do: he'll go overboard from the starboard bow; just you go aft to the mizzen chains, and stand by with the end of the mizzen topsail halyards, until sich time as you see Seth, then pass him the rope's end and fish him up—d'ye mind?"

"Ay, ay, I will do it; but I reckon you have lost your pipe—you'll get him no nearer the water than he is now."

"No fear of the pipe; jist you 'tend to your part of the play," said Joe, going forward, while I went to my station in the mizzen channels.

It seems that the boy on the lookout had fallen asleep. Between this person and Seth there had been a deadly feud ever since leaving Boston, and it had struck Joe that he might take advantage of this to be revenged upon Seth, at the same time it would punish the lookout.

Going to Seth, as he lay asleep upon a spare topmast by the side of the galley, and shaking the drowsiness out of him, asked: "if he didn't want a chance to *come it* on Zeke?" at which Seth was highly delighted, thinking, no doubt, that with such an ally as Joe he was perfectly safe.

"I'll tell yer what," said Joe. "Yer see Zeke's asleep by the monkey rail, jist for'ard of the fore rigging; now you see that rope running in from the end of the stu'nsail boom to the rail, that will make a stunnin' foot rope; jist you take a bucket and go abaft the sail, and let Zeke have the fall of it. If yer do it up right and hit him square in the face, you'll knock him inboard off the rail. Afore he picks hisself up you kin slew yerself for ard o' the rail out o' sight. I'll tell him the chap as did it run aft on the larboard side; then you kin slip in when yer like—d'ye mind?"

He had eagerly swallowed the whole of this precious piece of advice, otherwise, under ordinary circumstances, it would have been impossible to persuade him to venture his precious carcass upon anything less firm than the deck; but his desire to "come it" on Zeke overceme his fears for the time.

Taking the bucket, he cautiously slipped nast Zeke and made his way out upon the boom, some four or five feet. The foot-rope was formed by the end of a guy that steadied the boom forward, and leading in was belayed to a pin in the rail, to all appearances firmly.

It turned out, however, that it had only been stopped with a rope yarn, sufficiently strong to bear the weight as he was going out, his hold upon the boom relieving it from half the strain; but when quitting his hold to throw the bucket of water, the sudden jerk which this movement would bring upon the stop must inevitably part it. As Joe had intended, precisely this occurred; overboard went Seth, bucket, foot-rope and all. Joe came running aft to me, half choked with laughter.

"Stand by, Jack," said he, "and fish him up, I want to have a look at him."

But he did not get a sight of him in the way he expected. On rising to the surface, half blinded with the water, he struck out from the ship, instead of towards it, she passing him at such a distance that the rope's end fell short.

"Man overboard!" roared out Joe, tossing over the side a couple of hen coops, containing half a dozen unfortunate biddies.

The watch were on their pins in no time.

"Clear away the starboard quarter boat," sung out the mate. It was not necessary he should have been so particular in mentioning which boat, considering we had but one; that was filled with wood and small stores, and would require at least ten minutes to unload.

To make things worse, the clouds which I had noticed awhile since, had been gradually creeping up on our larboard beam, unnoticed by the mate, who was considerably more than half asleep. Just at this moment we began to get the wind from them in pretty strong puffs, slatting and shivering the sails, bending the studding sail booms in the most alarming manner.

"Call all hands to shorten sail!" bellowed the captain. "Four men clear away the boat; the rest of you get in those stun' sails, and be spry about it, my lads, or we'll have the top masts over the sides.

"Here you, Joe," he continued; "jump forward and lend a hand with those sails."

But Joe, after throwing everything overboard that would float, had been divesting himself of his clothes, and calling out to us to be spry with the boat, sprang over the taffrail and struck out in the direction he supposed Seth had drifted.

All was now bustle and confusion on board; to get the ship before the wind and the light sails in, with the four men in the boat, which was now cleared away, and two overboard, making us six hands short, it was no easy matter to get the sail off of her. This, however, was at last accomplished, and tacking ship we stood back in the direction of the boat. The wind, which at first came in puffs, had subsided into a steadily increasing breeze, which, under short sail, carried us through the water at about six knots.

On arriving, as nearly as we could judge, at the spot on which the occurrence had taken place, we hove the ship to, sent up a signal lantern to the fore top-mast head, and fired a gun to attract the attention of the boat's crew; but all without effect. Considerable anxiety began to be felt, not only for the men overboard, but also for the boat's crew; as the breeze, now almost a gale, and still increasing, setting against the current which runs with considerable velocity at times in the vicinity of the Cape, had kicked up a very disagreeable chop sea, which was anything but safe for such a boat as ours.

At last, just at day break, the lookout at the mast head sung out that the boat was in sight.

"Where away?" shouted the mate.

"About three points on the lee bow."

"Keep her away three points."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man at the wheel.

We were all extremely anxious, as may be supposed, to know whether either or both of the men had been picked up. I was on the fore topgallant yard in a little quicker time than I ever made before or since, straining my eyes to make out how many were in the boat. We were rapidly nearing each other, and I soon had the satisfaction of discovering that there were five at least; trying, meanwhile, to console myself with the idea that the other one must be lying in the bottom, for I had began to feel rather blue as to the share I had taken in the matter. But as they came nearer I found such was not the case: Seth was not there. With a heavy heart I started for the deck, and taking the top gallant backstay to slide down on, succeeded in reaching it with the loss of the "amplest part of my breeches," the end of my back having struck a batting on the topmast back stay in my somewhat rapid descent.

The boat was soon alongside. I shall never forget how Joe looked when he came aboard; he was entirely naked, with the exception of a reefing jacket which one of the boat's crew had lent him; the more important part of a gentleman's wardrobe they could hardly part with without making a rather unpresentable appearance themselves. But his face—I would not have believed that so great a change could have taken place in such short time; a more dejected, sorrowful countenance I never beheld.

He answered none of the questions put to him, but started forward and dove into the forecastle, whither I immediately followed. He was sitting on his chest, with his head between his hands. I spoke to him several times before he answered. At length, giving himself a shake, he looked up at me.

"That ar boy has cooked my goose for me; what a wooden-headed lubber I was to come sich a game on the poor feller; I'd give more than you or I'll ever be worth if he was jist settin' on this here chest, or I was where he is."

"Now Joe," said I, trying to comfort him, "I know very well that you did not intend to harm him, so there's no use in feeling too badly about it; but it should be a warning to you. As no one knows besides you and I how he came to get overboard, it is just as well that they should not, it might get you into trouble."

"I don't keer if it do git me into trouble, I desarves it."

"But, Joe, consider that you got me to lend a hand, and though I did not know what you intended to do, still it might get me into a scrape, and that would only make a bad matter worse."

"I didn't think o' that. Well, jist as you say, but it's all up with me; that boy will haunt me as long as I'm in this ship, or any other for that matter."

Advising him to get rigged out in rather more fashionable style, I went on deck. It appeared from what I learned from the boat's crew, for Joe did not like to talk about it, that after leaving the ship Joe had struck out for one of the hen coops, the most prominent object in sight, supposing that he saw Seth, but probably in exactly an opposite direction from which he had drifted; he having undoubtedly secured some floating object, as when we last saw him there were several planks and spars near him. Joe, finding himself mistaken in the first instance, tried all the others in sight with the same success, until completely exhausted he clung to one of the spars to rest. Upon hearing the distant hail from the boat, and thinking it was Seth, he answered, and of course misled the boat.

After taking him on board they had continued the search, but hearing the gun from the ship they proposed to return. Joe would not hear of such a thing for a moment, but the rapidly increasing gale warned them that any further search was not only useless with such a tub of a boat, but absolutely dangerous; they reluctantly put the boat about and headed for the ship, at that time hull down to leeward.

The wind, although there was rather too much of it, was fair, being on the starboard quarter; under close reefed main-topsail and reefed fore sail, the old ship was bowling along at the rate of about eleven knots an hour; dashing the foam before and on each side of her bow; throwing the spray high into the air, it fell in showers on the deck, forming a miniature rainbow in the bright sunshine. We had a splendid run to Java Head, and the monsoon being favorable, we ran up the China Sea in less than ten days. After taking on board a long-tailed, horse faced Chinaman, for pilot, we dropped anchor, about sunset one fine afternoon, in the harbor of Hong Kong.

Joe had been dull and moping all the way from the Cape—from being the life of the ship, the one who could sing the best song, or spin the biggest twister of a yarn, he had become silent and morose; rarely speaking to any one except myself, and then only when we were walking the deck together in the night watch; it was always about Seth, he seemed to think of nothing else.

After furling sails and getting all snug on board, I obtained permission from the mate for Joe and myself to go on shore. We rigged ourselves out in our best traps, and made for land.

Being speedily set on shore at the post-office landing, we crowded all sail for the establishment of our old acquaintance, Bamboo Tam, in the select locality of Cat Street. The house was full of sailors, from several ships that had just arrived. We seated ourselves at a table in one corner of the room, to try the quality of a big jug of beer and a pair of new pipes.

I turned to speak to a former shipmate for a minute, but on looking back at Joe was struck all aback at his appearance. His face was white as his new pipe, his under jaw dropped, and eyes fixed and staring.

"Why, Joe, what's the matter?" I exclaimed.

"J-l-i ist you lo-o-ok o' thar in the corner."

I did look, and there, sure enough, on a bench that ran along the other side of the room, with his head leaning against the wall, his eyes closed as if asleep or dead, was Seth. I rubbed my eyes to make sure that they were not deceiving me, but no, there he still sat; the same long sandy hair, the same face, about which there could be no possible mistake. Turning to where Joe had sat I found he was gone, but caught a glimpse of him, darting through the door and down the road toward the landing. Turning to one of the men standing by, I asked, "if he knew the chap sitting on the bench in the corner?"

"Who? him with the calico face! That's a chap as we picked up off the Cape, 'bout six weeks ago—but he ain't no account whatsomever, he wont make no sailor if he goes to sea as long as the Flying Dutchman. I've tried hard enough to larn him su'thing; I've c'enamost kicked his head off, but he aint one morsel better for all I've done for him."

There was no mistaking this character, and I did not stop to hear further particulars, but started after Joe. Coming up with him at the landing, I was too much out of breath to speak.

"Is that there yet? that thing, or is it a-coming after us?" he stammered in a hollow voice, his pale face seeming to grow more haggard each moment. "Yer wouldn't believe," he continued, "when I told ye that I'd seed it many a time o' nights afore this; I'll tell yer what I m going to do—I'll go aboard the fust ship that goes round the Cape, and when I gits whar he was lost, I'm going overboard too. I've heerd tell as how a chap gits no peace until he does su'thing the likes o' that."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Joe; I'll tell you what you will do, though: just go back to Bamboo Tam's and finish that jug of beer, with Seth to lend you a helping hand. That's no ghost, you leather-head, but the steward himself; he was picked up on one of the hencoops the next morning, by a ship just out of sight astern of us.

I had scarcely finished before Joe's precious feet were laying themselves along the road to Bamboo Tam's, quite as fast as he had a few minutes before come from there. I followed, but at rather a slower pace. On my arrival he had found Seth, got him awake, and was swinging his hat and giving three cheers; which ended, he vowed he would give every man in the house a free treat.

Jester's Picnic.

In North Carolina it is frequent among her forests of fat pine, for a lover in distress to send the fair object of his affections a bit of its staple vegetable production, with an eye painted upon it. This signifies "I pine." If favorable to him, the young lady selects from the wood pile the best and smoothest specimens of a knot—this signifies "pine not." But if, on the other hand, she detest him (there is no middle grounds between detestation and adoration, with young women), she burns one end of his message, and this generally throws the young man in despair, for it means I make *light* of your "pining."

A parson was once travelling in a stage coach through one of our New England towns, and the village church having been recently repaired and supplied with new seats, one of the villagers had taken the door to his pew, and used it—number, top-rail and all—for a door to his pig-stye. Upon passing it, the attention of the parson was called to this irreverent use of a portion of the old meeting-house, whereupon he lifted up both hands heavenward, rolled up his eyes with pious horror, and ejaculated, *pro pudor* (pew door).

A schoolmaster in Cornwall, England, advertising his establishment, says: "Every boarder must be supplied with a Bible, a prayer book, a knife and fork, three towels, and a silver dessert-spoon; all of which, *except the books*, become the proprietor's perquisite on the pupil's quitting school." The conscientious pedagogue seems to think that the Bible and prayer-book may be well for the pupil; *he* prefers, however, the steel and the silver!—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

A great many happy hits are made at editors on account of their professional jealousy. It is reported that the following appeared in the Foxtown Fusilier: "Postscript! We stop the press with pleasure, to announce the decease of our contemporary, Mr. Snaggs, editor of the Foxtown Flash. He has now gone to another and a better world. Success to him. Persons who have taken the Flash will find the Fusilier a good paper."

The Milwaukee Sentinel having placed on its bulletin board an announcement of the Pacific's arrival, on which was written, "War in *statu quo*," two men from the country walked up to the board, and after reading very demurely, "War in *statu quo*?" said one of them, "where in thunder's that?" "I don't know," said the other, "it'll spread all over the world, yet." "Shouldn't wonder if it did," said the first.

A young Roman nobleman married Terentia, the widow of Cicero and Sallust, in the hope that, by this means, he may chance to come by some of the eloquence and genius that distinguished those great men. The idea of the schoolmaster who used to wear an old wig of Sir Isaac Newton's, for the invigoration of the brain, is not so original, after all.

A citizen of Arkansas, while on board of a steamer on the Mississippi, was asked by a gentleman, "whether the raising of stock in Arkansas was attended by much difficulty or expense?" "O, yes, stranger—they suffer much from insects." "Insects! Why, what kind of insects, pray?" "Why, bears, catamounts, wolves, and such like insects."

"Charlie, what makes your cheeks so red?" asked his sister's admirer, of a little urchin five years old.

"Cause I put some of sister's paint on. She puts it on every day."

It was an unpleasant guessing disclosure all around. At least Charlie thought so after the visitor was gone.

Some one was telling Sam Hyde about the longevity of the *mud turtle*. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in my meadow, who was so old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back carved (tolerable plain considering all things) these words—*Paradise, Year* 1, *Adam.*

Here is a piece of sporting intelligence extraordinary: "The Preliminary Course" having been put in fine order by the man who "made tracks," the long anticipated contest between the "Clothes Horse" and the "Night Mare" will come off soon, under the management of the man who "took precedence."

Kissing, in all its varieties.—Buss, to kiss; rebuss, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to sex; sillybus, the hand instead of the lips; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss all the persons in the room; cerebus, to kiss in the dark; buss the boiler, to kiss the cook!

"Do you mean to tell us," said a lawyer to a doctor, whom he was cross-examining, "that if a person lived in a horse pond, it would not be injurious to him?"

"I think not," said the doctor, "if he lived for sixty or seventy years in it."

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

"Meet me by moonlight—a loan
Is all that I will ask of thee."

They screenade the bankers out west with this air, or rather this *strain*. The responsive bankers issue in return—moonshine.

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M. M. BALLOU,

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

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